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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 269

EDITORIALS

Japan Can Be Stopped 271
Hearst Carries On 272
Interventions—Old and New *by Freda Kirchwey* 273

ARTICLES

Labor and the Long View *by I. F. Stone* 275
West Coast Perspective *by Louis Fischer* 276
Dark Days Ahead *by Donald W. Mitchell* 278
The Chicago *Sun* *by Milton Mayer* 279
World Trade After the War *by Keith Hutchison* 283
In the Wind 285

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

End of Season. *A poem by Robert Penn Warren* 286
Notes by the Way *by Margaret Marshall* 286
Fischer on England *by Ralph Bates* 287
Japan's "Mein Kampf" *by Maxwell S. Stewart* 288
Robinson Jeffers *by Clement Greenberg* 289
Argument for Democracy *by Irwin Edman* 290
Old J. P. *by Louis Filler* 291
Marianne Lorraine *by Rosamond Gilder* 293
Art Notes *by C. G.* 293
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 294

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 295

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The Shape of Things

THE BATTLE OF STARAYA RUSSA, WHERE THE Red Army claims to have trapped a Nazi army of 90,000 men, may prove of decisive importance. This city is the northern anchor of the German winter line and one of the strongholds which Hitler has ordered held at all costs. If the Russians succeed in capturing it, the German positions in front of Leningrad will be endangered and the invaders may be forced to retreat on a wide front. The value attached to this city by the German High Command is suggested by the use of hundreds of planes in an attempt to provision it by air. The Russians claim that this endeavor has been frustrated with heavy enemy losses. The battle, however, is not yet won, and it must be remembered that the German garrison at Mozhaisk, which had also dug in, strongly resisted for weeks after it had been surrounded. And while winter still grips this section of the Russian front, it will not be many weeks before the snows begin to vanish. In the south the spring thaws have already set in, and both sides are struggling with the mud. The Moscow radio, however, reports that a new drive against Kharkov, which is the chief southern anchor of the German army, has been launched. Several previous offensives in this direction have proved abortive, but there are still grounds for hope that Marshal Timoshenko may be able to turn this position before Hitler is ready to use it as a springboard for a new campaign to win the Caucasus. In this connection reports originating in Berlin of tremendous new Russian concentrations are worth noting. They may be preparing the way for announcements of fresh retreats.

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THE SENATE FARM BLOC STRUCK A POWERFUL blow against our living standards when it passed a bill prohibiting the sale of government-owned farm products at less than parity prices. Not content to allow the bill to pass through normal legislative channels and thus risk a Presidential veto, Senate farm-bloc leaders threaten to attach it as rider to the $32,000,000,000 war-appropriation bill. When the President denounced this plan as "reprehensible," Senate farm leaders declared that they would withdraw from the fight pending developments. These developments have now materialized: the issue has

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been transferred to the House, where the Appropriations Committee has attached a similar provision to the Department of Agriculture's regular supply bill. To date the agricultural exemptions which the farm bloc wrote into the Price Control Act have been largely inoperative because of the government's power to dispose of its huge crop holdings at less than parity prices. If this power is removed by Congressional action, it will be impossible for the Price Control Administration or any other government agency to prevent a sharp rise in the prices of foodstuffs and agricultural raw materials—a rise which must inevitably be reflected in higher wage and production costs for industry. Furthermore, as the President pointed out in his letter to Vice-President Wallace, the proposed legislation would bring about an unwanted increase in the production of wheat and corn at the expense of needed livestock products and oil-producing crops.

*

CREDIT KENNETH G. CRAWFORD AND *PM* with a service to the country. Through their watchfulness and persistence a $25,000,000 naval construction project of the utmost secrecy is no longer intrusted to the engineering supervision of George Deatherage, one of America's more violent fascists. If it seems strange that this little anomaly had to be cleared up by a newspaper reporter rather than by the Naval Intelligence, how much stranger is it that considerable pressure had to be applied before Mr. Deatherage was finally ousted? One Navy Department official explained that there could be no haste in the matter since "a man's job is at stake," and for several days it seemed improbable that the navy's delicate sense of justice would permit branding a man a fascist simply because he had proclaimed himself a fascist. Thanks to Representative Vinson of Georgia, the matter came to the attention of Secretary Knox, and Mr. Deatherage is again an unemployed Knight of the White Camellia. His experience, however, has not discouraged an even more distinguished fascist from aspiring to be an officer in the ranks of democracy. Lawrence Dennis, author of "The Coming American Fascism," has offered his services and has been told by the War Department that he is eligible, by virtue of his World War record, to apply for a captain's commission in the military police. Thus unless Mr. Dennis's past is as forcefully recalled to Secretary Stimson as Deatherage's was to Secretary Knox, American soldiers who lean toward subversion may have to answer to the man who only a month ago predicted hopefully that "we shall react from international communism to a brand of National Socialism of our own making."

*

THE HONORABLE HAMILTON FISH APPEARS at last to have become an embarrassment to the Republican Party, an achievement of no small proportions. It has never been a secret that the man who represents President Roosevelt's home district in Congress is an arch-appeaser, but it took the trial of George Sylvester Viereck, a professional Nazi agent, to reveal the extent to which Mr. Fish had become enmeshed in pro-German intrigue. For weeks, it may be recalled, Mr. Fish dodged subpoenas issued by a District of Columbia grand jury investigating local subversive activities. When his wretched clerk, George Hill, testified falsely before that same jury, Fish defended him warmly in the press but allowed him to go to jail for perjury without testifying in his behalf. When Hill threatened to reverse himself after his conviction, Mr. Fish raced from judge to judge seeking an order to forbid any further grilling of the prisoner. His failure led to the revelation that for months he had maintained a working arrangement with Viereck to send copies of anti-British, pro-appeasement speeches through the mails at the taxpayers' expense through use of his franking privilege and mailing lists. Some of these speeches were actually written by Viereck and made on the floor of Congress by the late Senator Lundeen. All of which is not more palatable for being technically within the law. The forced retirement of Mr. Fish would assuredly be a great boon, but not if it draws the lightning away from other equally dubious legislators. The Viereck trial indicates that Mr. Fish was by no means the only one to use the Congress of the United States as a sounding board for Dr. Goebbels's opinions. The removal of Representatives Day of Illinois and Sweeney of Ohio would similarly sweeten the air over Capitol Hill.

*

A PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM MR. ROOSEVELT to Marshal Pétain has produced assurances from Vichy that France will continue to be neutral, that it will not allow the use of French vessels "for purposes of war," and that it will not "adopt a policy of assistance to the Axis powers beyond the terms of the armistice." It is interesting to note that the President's message, which referred specifically to supplies shipped from France to the Axis forces in Libya, was sent on February 10. The reply was handed to Ambassador Leahy in Vichy only on February 24, four days after the Olympian patience of the State Department had been so far exhausted that it went to the lengths of using the adjective "unsatisfactory" to describe information received from the French government. After the receipt of Vichy's tardy communication Sumner Welles refused to say whether the situation was still unsatisfactory but did say that "further clarifications" were being sought on the French attitude. We presume this means an attempt to get a direct explanation of the shipment of trucks, oil, and other supplies from France to Libya. If this aid to the Axis is within "the terms of the armistice," there is nothing about Vichy's new promise to the United States which need disturb Hitler. We think the State Department would do well to insist on receiving an unexpurgated

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copy of the armistice agreement together with a full and exact statement of the commitments to which Vichy considers itself bound by that instrument.

*

MEANWHILE THE LOGIC OF WAR HAS FORCED the State Department to give left-handed recognition, at least, to the Free French by agreeing that the United States will cooperate in the defense of the Pacific islands which, as it recognizes, "are under the effective control of the French National Committee established in London." Just what French possessions are included in this agreement are not specified because, it is stated unofficially, the United States government has not been able to determine whether effective control is exercised in many islands claimed by the Free French. Only New Caledonia, the largest, richest, and strategically most important of the French colonies in the South Seas, is definitely named. Actually there is no doubt that the Free French also effectively control the Marquesas and the Society Islands, the most easterly of the Pacific archipelagoes, which in the event of raids against the west coast of South America would assume great strategic importance. Cautious as the State Department's announcement is, it constitutes a real slap at Vichy, which not long ago named Admiral Decoux, governor of Indo-China, as High Commissioner of all French Pacific possessions—an obvious attempt to set up a diplomatic obstacle to cooperation between the United States and the Free French in this area. Incidentally, the doctrine now adopted by the State Department as governing relations with French territories points clearly to a solution of the St. Pierre problem, since it is undeniable that the Free French are in "effective control" there.

*

THE NAZI-CONTROLLED PARIS PRESS AND radio have once again been attacking Ambassador Leahy, accusing him of carrying on espionage and propaganda and falsely reporting his forthcoming retirement. This campaign may be intended as a hint to the State Department to play no favorites but bestow on Vichy as accommodating an envoy as Franco has been happy to entertain for nearly three years. In an interview given to Louis J. O'Donnell of the Baltimore *Sun,* Alexander W. Weddell, American ambassador in Madrid, who recently returned to this country for consultation with the State Department, declared with evident approval that the Spaniards regarded the war as a large-scale projection of their civil conflict—a "war between the forces of communism and the civilizing forces of opposition." Asked in a later interview whether this statement represented his views, Weddell replied that he was quoting a Spanish newspaper. To the question whether Spain had moved closer to the Axis in the past six months, our chief official source of information on Spain answered, "I wouldn't know." Another query about the amount of trade between Germany and Spain drew the evasive reply, "I know there is a good deal of trade between Spain and the United States and there ought to be more." Mr. Weddell and his wife, who has presented the Falange with a clubhouse, are said to be extremely popular in Spanish government circles.

*

LORD HALIFAX HAS REPLIED EFFECTIVELY to the charges of American isolationists that England is not doing its share in the war effort. Speaking before the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the British Ambassador pointed out that England sent abroad last year four and a half times as many airplanes and ten times as many tanks as it received from the United States. He also disclosed that British fighter-pilot losses in the series of daylight forays made over Western Europe last summer for the purpose of aiding Russia were half as large as those suffered in the Battle of Britain in 1940. He warned us especially against allowing ourselves to fall victim to the "skilful and utterly unscrupulous" attempt of Nazi propagandists to drive a wedge between the United States and Britain, declaring, "If the lion's claws seem blunt to you, you will not sharpen them by giving his tail a twist." His comments were particularly appropriate in view of the new wave of Nazi-inspired anti-British propaganda which has recently been appearing in the McCormick and Hearst press and such organs as *Social Justice.* It must be recognized, of course, that not all criticism of Britain is Nazi-inspired; nor is it all to be deplored. Constructive and vigorous criticism is essential to the effectiveness of the war effort in all the democratic countries. In this process the United Nations need not spare one another. But clear distinction must be made between the healthy criticism of a free people and the parroting of enemy propaganda. A review of the short-wave reports emanating from Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo will almost invariably show the pattern utilized by the enemies in our midst.

Japan Can Be Stopped

WITH the invasion of Java the plight of the United Nations in the Pacific war has become desperate. Java is by far the most important of the Indies. Its population and resources are approximately double those of the other islands. In the hands of the Japanese it would provide easy access to the Allied supply lines to Australia, India, and the Near East. Equally grave consequences may result from the fall of Rangoon and the cutting of the Burma road. Continuation of the present defensive strategy of the United Nations, as Mr. Mitchell points out elsewhere in this issue, can lead to only one result—an early and decisive defeat. This fact must be faced in all

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its implications while there is still time to prevent final catastrophe.

The strategy of the United Nations in the Far East to date appears to be identical with that adopted by Britain in the early months of its war against Germany: it is an endeavor to wear the enemy down by a war of attrition until our resources become adequate for a decisive offensive thrust. This involves fighting a delaying action in the East Indies, Australia, India, or wherever the enemy may choose to attack. It has two fatal weaknesses: (1) it gives the enemy the immense advantage of the initiative and a short inner line; and (2) it accentuates our grave shipping weakness by forcing us to maintain a 12,000-mile line of communications with the battle front. The events of the past three months indicate rather conclusively that we cannot hope to win against a determined and resourceful enemy in the face of these handicaps. If we take into account China, India, and Russia, the United Nations have tremendous superiority in man-power, fighting equipment, and potential resources. But this superiority can only be made effective if we are able, through taking the offensive, to choose the battlefields and make the most efficient use of our admittedly inadequate shipping.

By following a bold strategy it is perfectly possible to stop Japan in 1942. But the psychological and political obstacles to the adoption of such a strategy are tremendous. In outlining this strategy we shall be betraying no military secrets. The Japanese leaders know very well how they can be defeated. But they have risked everything on the assumption that the United Nations, particularly the United States, will be unwilling to pay the price of victory.

The first condition of victory is obviously a willingness to gamble with losses in order to seize the offensive and strike Japan at its weakest point. The first step to this end might well be a vigorous attack on the Japanese lines of communication by submarines and surface raiders supported by carrier-borne planes. This should be done with something of the audacity shown by Nazi and Japanese submarines in our waters. It would obviously bring losses, probably heavy ones, but if it resulted only in the sinking of ten or twelve tankers Japan's military efficiency would be dealt a crippling blow. The chief obstacle to the adoption of such tactics seems to be the navy's desire to conserve its ships and men. This consideration does not prevent the enemy from taking even greater risks although neither Japan nor Germany has a capacity for replacing losses that is comparable to our own.

Since Japan cannot be effectively blockaded by naval action alone under present conditions, it will also be necessary to strike directly at Japanese bases and industrial centers by aerial attack. To achieve this, we must find bases closer than the Aleutian Islands. Certain areas in Free China would provide ideal bases—only a few hundred miles from the center of Japan—but the Chinese have been seeking in vain for nearly a year to obtain bombers and the necessary technical equipment for such landing fields. The closing of the Burma road will make this undertaking vastly more difficult, but it is still within the realm of possibility.

An even more satisfactory base for operations against Japan is to be found in the Soviet Maritime Provinces. But since Russia is not at war with Japan, this base is not available today. Nor will it be made available by our sitting back and hoping that Japan will attack Russia or that Russia will attack Japan. If Russia is to be brought into the Pacific war under circumstances favorable to the United Nations, we must do two things: (1) mobilize planes, ships, and men in Alaska to enable us to support a Russian attack; and (2) open up a second front in the West so as to assure the defeat of Hitler. Russia has not said openly that it would enter the Far Eastern war on these conditions, but Maxim Litvinov's speech before the Overseas Press Club suggests that Moscow would welcome this type of strategy. Russia is under no illusions as to the necessity for defeating Japan. Its Far Eastern army is reported to be virtually intact, but it dare not get involved in the East until Nazi pressure is relieved in the West.

Perhaps the greatest argument for such a plan of action is that it would permit us to utilize our strained shipping resources with maximum efficiency. American supply lines to Europe would be 3,000 miles in length, those to Vladivostock between 4,000 and 5,000 miles, as against the 12,000 miles to the South Pacific. Although it is the only plan that offers real hope for victory in 1942, it presupposes a type of political and military collaboration with the Soviet Union which does not yet exist. Progress is undoubtedly being made in that direction, but history will not wait. If the opportunities for dealing the Axis a knockout blow which exist today are lost, they may not reappear.

Hearst Carries On

WE CALLED attention in our issue of February 14 to the fact that very powerful newspapers in the United States—those owned by William Randolph Hearst, Joseph M. Patterson, and Robert R. McCormick—were making a concerted drive along lines disturbingly similar to those followed by the reactionary elements in France previous to the French surrender. Last week Hearst's New York *Journal-American* published an editorial on the trials at Riom which marks a new limit in this campaign. The whole free world is nauseated at the spectacle of the men of Vichy, who, having first supported policies that undermined the security of

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their country and then delivered it over, bound hand and foot by "collaboration," to the enemy, are now trying Léon Blum and his colleagues for treason. The whole world knows that even if Hitler is not the direct instigator of this trial it is an attempt to curry favor with him; and it knows, too, that what Blum and the others are really being tried for is the crime of having attempted to resist Germany at all. But this is what Mr. Hearst has to say:

> The trial of Daladier and Blum in France may be the beginning of a new era of justice and of peace on this earth. . . . It is surely time that the men responsible for the murder and misery of war should be tried and convicted and deservedly punished for the highest of all crimes against heaven and humanity.
>
> It is to be hoped that the guilty will be convicted in France and that their prosecution will afford an example—a precedent—which all the other outraged peoples of the world will follow.

Nor does Mr. Hearst leave one in any doubt as to the people who he thinks should profit by this example. His article continues:

> Blum . . . is blamed for coddling the Communists and the anarchists when they were undermining the strength of France by strikes and sabotage and every kind of obstruction to progress and production.
>
> He is arraigned for having wasted the wealth of France in political boondoggling, in compelling the payment of preposterous increases that disloyal strikers demanded through force and violence . . . for having filled the public offices of France with political bureaucrats loyal to nothing but themselves and the regime which kept them in place and power.
>
> The point that holds out a bright promise for a better future is that leaders who project their nations into the war are already being prosecuted, with fair hope of punishment, for their failure in war.

It need hardly be pointed out that Hearst's charges against Blum are precisely those made daily against the Washington Administration in the papers cited above, which for the best part of two years have also been accusing Roosevelt of "projecting" this nation into war. Now Hearst is devising and rejoicing in the punishment to be meted out by an "incensed and outraged people" to leaders who "involve the world in the disasters of war."

The extraordinary thing about it is that, except for a brief note in *PM,* no responsible commentator has thought this inflammatory editorial worth mentioning. If some eccentric professor should write a book developing the theme of Mr. Hearst's article it would reach comparatively few readers but would no doubt be denounced and discredited by reviewers all over the country. Yet for every hundred readers reached by such a book and by the reviews of it, Mr. Hearst reaches 10,000.

Interventions — Old and New

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE other day Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles stated with great clarity the principles underlying the present Latin American policy of the United States. The Rio conference, he said, marked the "beginning of a new era" in which "inter-American solidarity had become a reality." He contrasted the present situation with that of a decade ago when "on our southern border there lay a Republic of Mexico filled with resentment and antagonism against the United States" and when "in those republics more nearly adjacent to the Panama Canal there still burned a flaming hostility toward our government because of acts of unjustifiable and unjustified intervention and of military occupation," and when the republics of South America "were still deeply suspicious of our ultimate aims and outraged because of our unwillingness to concede their sovereign equality."

He insisted most emphatically that the perpetuation of the new understanding between ourselves and the rest of the hemisphere depended upon the avoidance by any one nation of interference in the internal affairs of another. And he condemned "certain individuals and groups" who have urged the United States to cooperate only with certain Latin American governments or with certain individuals and groups in other countries whose views favor a policy he described as "revolutionary democracy." The failure to name names or define groups leaves this charge somewhat vague, but it may not be too conceited to assume that it applies to *The Nation,* among others. In any case the glove is a loose fit. I don't mind wearing it—at least for the duration of this editorial.

"I wonder," said Mr. Welles, "if this group of alleged liberals to whom I refer has ever realized that what they are now proposing is the pursuit by their government of a policy which is identical with the policy of picking puppet governments that has been pursued during the past five years by Hitler."

In this speech Mr. Welles reveals himself as a repentant sinner. Surely no American ever played the game of diplomatic intervention more consciously and purposefully than he in the days immediately following the overthrow of the Machado dictatorship in Cuba. But in his regenerate state Mr. Welles puts up a powerful argument against interfering in other nations' affairs. It is an argument *The Nation* has used so often against the State Department and Mr. Welles that I find it refreshing, as well as challenging, to have it turned, even by implication, against *The Nation.* For it is true enough that today we seem to be in the position of advocating, in the interest of democratic survival, methods we op-

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posed when they were used to bolster the reactionary policy of the pre-Good Neighbor era. The inconsistency is more apparent than real—as I believe Mr. Welles's repentance is also—but on the surface the case against us is a good one.

For years *The Nation,* along with a few other organs of progressive opinion and a very few Senators and Congressmen, opposed the arrogant and domineering attitude of our government toward the Latin American countries. We fought against oil imperialism in Mexico. We fought to get the marines out of Haiti and Santo Domingo. We attacked intervention in Nicaragua. We argued against an interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine that turned the Latin American countries into a private hunting preserve for the capitalists of the United States. We opposed intervention, but intervention was no more than the outward sign of the inward disgrace of imperialist penetration and control. Somehow the question never arose whether the money or the influence—or even the marines—of the United States should or should not be sent to help the people of a country resist economic exploitation or the oppression of a dictator.

Now, in a new and fearfully insistent form, that question does arise. The democratic forces in Latin America that were united in suspicion and hate of the United States have been partly disarmed by the friendly overtures of the Roosevelt Administration; and, whether or not they fully trust the intentions of this country, they understand that their real enemy is the fascist menace which moves closer day by day. In every country they have shown their desire to join the struggle against Hitler. Even the best efforts of the Nazis have failed to turn them against the war and the United States.

It is unnecessary to say that this overwhelming democratic sentiment is ineffective in several South American states. In the Argentine the government of Acting President Castillo still plays the Axis game in defiance of the pronouncements of Rio. In Brazil several events have already created doubts about the sincerity of the government's professions of love for the anti-Axis cause. Sumner Welles announced just after the conference closed that one of its immediate good results would be the ousting of all Axis agents, official and otherwise, from the countries severing relations with the Axis powers. But just the other day the Brazilian government issued a decree specifically providing that German diplomatic and consular agents should be allowed to continue to carry on their private lives in the cities where they have their residence. In Brazil, too, the German societies—which had been banned for just twenty-four hours after the Rio meeting—have been permitted to resume operations under the supervision of a representative of the government. So the Nazi agents stay and the Nazi organizations carry on—and one of Mr. Welles's accomplishments at Rio goes up in smoke.

The Nation has never advocated sending the marines to the Argentine to help the people throw Castillo out of office or to Brazil to institute democratic elections. We have advocated a policy of supporting and encouraging the democratic forces in all the Latin American countries. The people can take care of their own dictators if they have a chance. But when the United States gives financial and moral backing to a reactionary, pro-Axis dictatorship, we not only help keep in office men who work against our interests and for the interests of Hitler but we discourage and confuse the groups organized to back the democratic fight.

If Mr. Welles wants to know just what we "alleged liberals" would do in the case, for example, of Castillo, we can tell him. We would make financial support of the Argentine government dependent on the establishment of a straight-out anti-Axis policy. (Why should we finance an avowed partisan of our enemies?) We would openly encourage the pro-democratic organizations of the country by sending outstanding Americans to work with them and by inviting their leaders to visit this country. When deputies representing the democratic, anti-Axis position—men like Damonte Taborda or Americo Ghioldi—come to the United States, we would see to it not only that they were received with honor but that their advice was sought and their information put to use.

We would cooperate with Argentine democratic groups to carry on strong counter-propaganda against the Axis. In case of actual threat to the security of the country, we would not hesitate to give practical material aid to the anti-Axis forces. We would send as diplomatic and consular representatives thoroughgoing democrats who would be in contact with representative popular groups, as well as with officials, and would stand ready to encourage whatever activities were necessary for victory. We would realize that our natural—and only—allies are those people, in office or out, who are committed to the democratic cause; and we would not let the bogy of "interference" or the tyranny of protocol prevent intimate collaboration with them. This, briefly, is the sort of intervention we would substitute for Mr. Welles's theoretical non-intervention.

For his non-intervention is no more real than was non-intervention in Spain. Mr. Welles wonders whether we alleged liberals have ever realized that the policy we advocate "is identical with the policy of picking puppet governments that has been pursued by Hitler." (Surely he can't mean the governments of Pétain and Franco!) But I wonder whether Mr. Welles has ever realized that the policy he has pursued of supporting pro-Axis dictatorships in Latin America is itself a policy of picking puppet governments? The only difference between our strategy and Hitler's is that the puppets we pick are Hitler's—not ours.

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Labor and the Long View

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 2

DESPITE our old bogyman friend, the fall of France, the Smith amendment to suspend the forty-hour law for the duration, if not longer, has been defeated, but the forces behind the amendment are playing for larger stakes and their strategy is mapped in longer perspectives.

German fascism fattened during the post-war decade on the myth that the Reich lost the last war because it was stabbed in the back by liberals, democrats, socialists, and Jews. American reactionaries are busy building up for future use the myth that democracy was stabbed in the back by the forty-hour week. The debate in the House disproved the notion that the forty-hour law is an obstacle to the war effort, but the circulation of the *Congressional Record* is not as wide as that of the anti-labor press, and it is a good deal harder to read than headlines. As Representative Voorhis of California pointed out, not more than 20 per cent of our workers are on a forty-hour week, and two-thirds of those are in continuous-process industries where production is best organized in three eight-hour shifts.

The Smith amendment actually was not a bill to lengthen the work week but a bill to end the payment of overtime. Insufficient stress has been laid on the part played by the need to pay overtime in the development of the swing shift and other devices for continuous operation. So long as overtime must be paid, it is cheaper to work out methods for two- or three-shift operation on a forty-hour basis than to operate on one or two ten- or eleven-hour shifts. In some cases employers would rather work their force longer hours than take on and train new employees for additional shifts. The 53.8-hour average work week in machine tools, for example, reveals the failure of that crucial industry to embark on continuous round-the-clock production.

One cannot exclude the possibility that some big companies are causing trouble as part of a deliberate campaign to discredit labor. Much was made in the press and the House debate over the walkout at the Bethlehem Steel Corporation plant in Los Angeles. But as Representative Fogarty of Rhode Island said, "When Bethlehem ordered two ten-hour shifts instead of three eight-hour schedules, it defied the Navy Department, the Maritime Commission, and the War Production Board."

This is an election year. Repeal of overtime would help the sweatshop South against the organized North. Northern Republicans stood with New Deal Democrats in the 226-to-62 vote by which the amendment was rejected. The Administration, aware of the dangers to morale in repeal of overtime when huge profits are being made by industry, really threw its weight into the fight. But neither the size of the vote nor the formidable array of argument on its side should blind labor to the dangers ahead of it. If logic and statistics were enough to demolish a lie, the German scholars who disproved and the clever German journalists who ridiculed the stab-in-the-back myth under the republic would never have ended their days in concentration camps. Labor cannot wage a defensive war on a Maginot Line of social gains without suffering ultimate defeat. This is not 1937 and it is not 1939. It is 1942, and 1942 will be a dark year for the forces of freedom. Labor leadership, as much as industry or government, needs to shake loose from customary thinking and to lift eyes to broader horizons. Too many labor leaders, especially those near the top of the labor movement, continue to think in terms of conventional labor issues and labor politics. The strategy of the right is to keep labor on the defensive, to make it appear to be worrying more about its "rights" than about the safety of the country, to distil a constant poison in the press. What gets through to the blurred mind of the public is not the arguments or the statistics but the echo of what seems a continuous yammer from labor. Labor leaders must pick their issues carefully, must prepare to play a more constructive role, if labor is not to be badly smeared by a hostile press before the war is over.

I think that it was a mistake for automobile labor, for example, to raise the issue of double pay for Sundays on a five-day swing shift. I think it might better surrender on a minor issue than risk public misunderstanding. Too much of the squabbling now going on would be deeply regretted by all of us if our country should suffer defeat. I think that in a nation, as in a family, there are times when the partner with the most sense must give in to the partner with the loudest voice, even though justice be on his own side. I think it time we stopped talking of "labor" in the narrow meaning of a faction contending for its share of the national income and began to think broadly of "labor" as a great force in the direction of the war effort and for the reconstruction of our society afterward.

In the ranks of labor and among the lesser labor leaders there is ferment, a desire for fresh leadership able to operate outside the sphere of routine trade unionism.

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Bewildered draftees and harassed small business men could be won to labor's cause if labor's cause were made America's cause. There is too much insistence on formulas like "industry councils," too little willingness to get down to the long and hard task of training labor for a share in management. Too much time and energy are spent on old rivalries and petty feuds.

Labor can win the war and labor can win the peace. It must do both if it is to save its freedom. This must become the framework of its thinking. The war cannot be won without considerable reconstruction of our society in the direction of greater democracy in industry. Labor must win allies among other classes for that program. There is a long pull ahead of us, and foreign troops may be on our soil before the grip of monopoly and the dollar-a-year mentality on the means of our defense is loosened, but loosened it will be. In the choice between property and patriotism some will call for a negotiated peace if Germany and Japan succeed this year in dismembering the British and Dutch empires and cutting off the Soviet Union from its allies. Labor must be prepared for grave eventualities.

Labor's first task is production. Younger people in the labor movement here have been talking for months of the need for some kind of joint A. F. of L.–C. I. O. bureau, divided into industry sections, to study the problems of war production, to siphon up ideas from the work bench, to win public esteem by a constant stream of informed criticism and suggestions, and to educate labor leadership in industrial management for war. But production is not labor's only responsibility. Labor could play a leavening role in every aspect of the war effort where more democratic thinking is required—in dealing with the draftees, in our relations with our allies, in our appeals to the German and Japanese masses, in mobilizing colonial peoples, and in framing war aims. It is by gearing itself to these tasks, not by fighting rear-guard actions for overtime, that the labor movement can find safety and fulfil its obligations to the country and to the future.

West Coast Perspective

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Spokane, February 27

I HAVE reverted to old habits formed in Europe and have been visiting factories. During the month of February, traveling north from Los Angeles to San Francisco and Seattle with side trips to smaller towns nearby, I went through several of America's most important munitions plants. What I saw was encouraging. I saw finished products and partly finished products moving quickly toward completion; when transported to the scene of battle, they should appreciably influence the outcome.

Production rose 70 per cent in a single recent month at a huge plant that manufactures what is probably the most effective modern weapon of war. Since then the output has jumped still higher. Pearl Harbor accelerated the assembly lines. The workingmen know from the daily military communiqués that what they do today and every day soon makes a difference at the fighting front.

I asked a sales girl whether she bought books, and when she said yes, I asked her whether she had contributed any books to the libraries of the armed forces. She replied, "No, I never felt like doing it. But last week my brother went into the army and I'm going to send some books to his camp." As more and more relatives and friends join the army, navy, and air force, and as more American combat units enter the actual arena of conflict, civilians generally and workingmen in particular will get into the spirit of the war and intensify their war effort." There is no use scolding a nation for "complacency." The average mortal just does not know how not to be complacent. Every individual should be told exactly what to do.

Key managers in unrelated and widely separated munitions enterprises made one response when I asked what was their chief complaint. "Paper," they said. Factories, I was told, are required to answer innumerable questionnaires from government offices. Washington demands information, then the state asks similar data, then the region wants more facts, then another department in Washington wires for statistics that have already been sent to its neighbor around the corner, and so on endlessly. At one plant I was shown a large administrative building in the process of construction. "That," said the director, "will house a few hundred people who will wrestle with the red tape." I had no way of learning whether this often-repeated grumble is justified. If it is, one of President Roosevelt's urgent jobs is to coordinate the work of federal and local quizzers.

Raw materials are plentiful in the crucial munitions units. Steel scrap is wanting here and there because so much of it was sent to Japan. But this is not a serious bottleneck. Experts told me that production was quickly acquiring rhythm.

Knotty labor problems exist. The population of some

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small towns has been doubled as a result of war work, and the housing difficulties are great. I was present in two factories when the shift changed, and to see those thousands of men rush to their cars or buses and then stand still for long periods until traffic was unsnarled made me realize that next spring's battles may be affected by the fact that most American munitions workers must take two hours to get to and from work.

Soldiers and many well-to-do anti-labor civilians say, "If the fighting man risks his life for $21 a month, why should the workingman be receiving $40 and $50 a week?" The workingman says, "If the boss is making millions and being exposed as a profiteer by a Congressional committee, why shouldn't I get a decent wage?" "If I didn't take double pay for holidays," a welder said to me at a shipyard, "the money would go to the company's stockholders. It wouldn't go to MacArthur's boys." During a war equality in facing death cries for equality of civilian effort and sacrifice.

The government has still no policy with respect to the drafting of munitions workers. Men just graduating from the apprentice stage to experienced production are sent by draft boards to the training camps. Of course, if every defense job became a reserved occupation, some men would seek war work so as to evade military service. This would have to engage the intelligence and vigilance of the authorities who choose the selectees. But factory managers declare that the first requirement of efficiency is a stable labor force. The labor turnover is considerable; bad housing, scarcity of women, and voluntary enlistments swell the ebb and flow. Confusion is intensified by steeply increased production and by changes in models introduced on the basis of experience gained in overseas battles.

In general, the West Coast is more conscious of the war than the rest of the country. It hears more facts and rumors about Pearl Harbor. It witnesses the country going into action. It is also more jittery. Rich folk are leaving San Francisco, Seattle, and other places for the safety of inland Arizona and Nevada. Most people I have encountered this month in California, Oregon, and Washington believe that they will be severely bombed by Japanese airplanes. This stimulates a demand that America keep its weapons at home to protect its own shores. It also intensifies the man-hunt on Japanese-born and American-born Japanese, who, it is alleged, might try to capture cities, shipyards, and plants during raids. I talked to women who were honestly afraid that Japanese truck growers would poison their vegetables.

In Seattle I saw a girls' school going on an excursion, and smiling Japanese children were walking hand-in-hand and arm-in-arm with American children. Teachers and superintendents in liberal Pasadena and Seattle told me that the Japanese students were often brilliant and always loyal. Numerous housewives told me they trust their Japanese servants. The public is not showing hate or spite. But the reactionary press and the politicians are out for blood and wholesale internment. Jingoes are endeavoring, under the cover of war-time flag-waving patriotism, to do what they always wanted to do in peace time: get rid of the Japanese, harness labor, and frighten the liberals. In many places one discovers beautiful souls, progressive minds—people eager and anxious to set the world right. They are especially worried about who will make the peace and what kind of peace it will be. But these liberals, though numerous, are neither vocal nor organized. It hurts them to see clowns in Congress and in editorial offices behave as though they thought they could win the war by attacking Mrs. Roosevelt and sending Japanese children out to Colorado, which doesn't want them; but pain, even in a heart which is in the right place, is not a force in politics. Cheap demagogues are having a field day.

I suppose the majority of West Coast citizens lack the knowledge and perspective to keep themselves from falling into a slough of defeatism when the news from the battle area is black. They cannot be blamed for taking the fall of Singapore hard. They ought to have more guidance from the nation's capital. They ought to be told that the fall of France was a far greater calamity than the fall of Singapore; yet almost two years have passed since Hitler defeated France, and he is much farther from victory now than he was then. Hitler has conquered Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Yugoslavia, and Greece, but he has not won the war. In like manner Japan's triumphs in the Pacific do not spell victory. American convoys laden with valuable weapons have reached Australia and New Zealand. More will follow. Four-motor Boeing flying fortresses have been reported bombing the Japanese. Many more will follow. America is getting into the war. Factories are busy. No one will win or lose this war in the next few months.

Hitler's failure to invade England demonstrated the inadequacy of his air force. Hitler's inability to cut the lifeline between England and America demonstrates the inadequacy of his sea power. Hitler's reverses in Russia prove that he is not always invincible on land. There is more to war than the actual occupation of territory. The Allies won the war in 1918 before a single Allied soldier had set foot on German soil and when the German army still stood on conquered foreign territory. Easy optimism is very dangerous. Defeatism born of shortsightedness is also harmful. Out here a lot of "experts" had predicted that we could "knock the Japanese out of the Pacific in three weeks." When citizens discover that we cannot, they swing from the extreme of frivolous conceit to the extreme of profound dejection. The truth is that we are not as weak as events since Pearl Harbor have indicated. We shall, to judge by what I have seen recently, soon be stronger.

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Dark Days Ahead

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

IN THE past three months Japan has conducted a series of the fastest and most decisive campaigns on record. Its conquest of Singapore and its victories in the Netherlands Indies have completely changed the complexion of the war. The optimistic view that Japan was saving face by committing hara-kiri on a grand scale has completely faded as the forces of Nippon have marched from one success to another, not only undefeated but unchecked by any of the Allied powers. Japanese domination of all of southern Asia now appears a likely consequence of six months more of war.

The importance of the loss of Singapore depends largely upon the condition of the naval base and its facilities at the time it fell into Japanese hands. If Domei reports are to be believed, the "scorched earth" policy of the British here as elsewhere was a complete failure, and after minor repairs the base will be in a condition to do business for Japan. If it can be used effectively, it will enable Japanese warships to dominate most of the Indian Ocean. In any case the loss of the only naval base between Alexandria in Egypt and Pearl Harbor has deprived the United Nations of all chance of waging anything more decisive than a guerrilla war in the southwestern Pacific. Japan is now so firmly placed in the South Seas that direct attack can probably not dislodge it.

The surrender of 60,000 British soldiers released 100,000 Japanese and a considerable force of planes for use on other fronts. MacArthur in the Philippines, the Dutch in their last stronghold in Java, and the British armies in Burma are already feeling the increased pressure. With the main link in the Allied chain broken, all others are proportionately weakened.

Another direct gain for Japan is its acquisition of raw materials. Of the many war essentials missing at home, only mercury and copper are unobtainable in the areas now under Japanese control or subject to imminent attack. Oil resources gained may require six months for effective exploitation after the efficient job of destruction done by the Dutch, but in some instances the building of refineries will be unnecessary, for the oil is of such high quality as to permit its direct use by shipping. Iron is perhaps still a problem, since the iron resources of Luzon are hardly sufficient to replace the 94 per cent of Japan's iron supply normally imported from the British Empire and the United States. However, India, well within reach, can supply any remaining deficiency. Japan is now probably blockade-proof.

In fact, the economic screws are now turning in reverse order. The Allies expected to feel the lack of tin and rubber, but soon they will lack oil. With the loss of the wells in Burma and the Indies, fuel for planes and ships in the Far East will have to be transported, thus adding enormously to the burden on shipping.

Two intangible but serious results of Allied defeats are the growth of recriminations among the United Nations and the definite blow to Anglo-Saxon prestige. Our resentment against the British for military blunders and overconfidence and British resentment against the United States for Pearl Harbor and the failure of the navy to take a bold offensive in time are natural feelings being sedulously cultivated by Axis agents. All of us will do well to seek carefully for all mistakes, but once we have uncovered them and learned their lesson, there is no gain and much loss in continuing to spread blame. The loss of white "face" in the Far East might be kept within reasonable bounds if Great Britain, making a virtue of necessity, would offer ultimate independence to its many subject peoples in Asia and try to make this war everywhere a fight for the four freedoms.

Almost unnoticed among greater disasters has been the closing of the Burma road. Alternative longer routes are in preparation, and the old caravan route from Russia across Central Asia can still be used. But any road from India must surmount the obstacles to be met in crossing the 16,000-feet-high plateau of Tibet and runs the risk, besides, of being shortly disrupted by new Japanese attacks. Meanwhile the Soviet Union is far too busy fighting for its life to be able to spare many war materials even if the nearly uncharted deserts of Turkestan permitted their transportation. Hence we are likely to have to face an increasing military passivity on the part of the Chinese.

No one can doubt that India will be the next Japanese objective. The capture of this great subcontinent would not only supply Japanese economic lacks but represent the initial step of a gigantic pincers movement to be coordinated with a German drive to eliminate the British from the Near East. The persistent activity of Axis agents among the Pathan tribesmen on India's Northwest Frontier is one evidence of this approaching threat.

Australia may or may not be seriously attacked by the Japanese. Port Darwin, the much overrated base on the northern coast, is certain to be taken, if only to prevent later trouble from that direction. But between Port Darwin and the centers of population of southern and eastern Australia extend extremely long and poor lines

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of communication and a singular dearth of military and economic objectives. To reach Brisbane or Sydney by either land or sea Japanese forces would have to venture far from their bases and would almost certainly come into conflict with growing forces of American troops and planes. If they regard these reinforcements far to the south as a sufficiently serious threat, the Japanese are quite likely to push an attack. If this is not the case, they are likely to expend their force in fields offering greater immediate rewards.

One of these fields is the Indian Ocean. With Singapore in its possession Japan enjoys extreme positional advantage in conducting naval operations in this third largest of the world's oceans. Because of the great distances it probably will not be able to sever completely the lines of communication between Australia and Great Britain and those by which war supplies are moving up the Persian Gulf to be transshipped to Russia and up the Red Sea to the British in the Near East. Yet with surface raiding vessels, such as cruisers, it should be able to take a considerable toll of shipping on all three routes and force the now widely dispersed Allied navies to cover still another vast sector of sea.

All this has been accomplished by a relatively poor nation disposing of mediocre air and land forces but using all weapons with unscrupulous skill. Aerial superiority is not an adequate explanation. Furthermore, on the Burma front, where Japanese armies have been making steady gains, their air force has been repeatedly and soundly trounced by American and British fliers. In addition to air superiority it was naval dominance which allowed the Japanese in Malaya to land well-trained troops repeatedly behind their opponents and compel retreat. All branches of the armed forces have been operated in perfect coordination according to a sound strategic plan sufficiently flexible to avail itself of enemy blunders.

Any realistic evaluation of the present strategical position of the United Nations must reveal that it is critical in the extreme. The darkest hours of American history probably lie ahead. We are losing the war today, and by the middle of this year it may have been definitely lost. Still, there is no room for defeatism. The situation of the United Nations today is no worse than was that of the British after Dunkirk or at the height of the submarine campaign a year ago. We have suffered a catastrophic defeat, but if we make immediate intelligent use of our vast resources and man-power, these early setbacks may finally be overcome.

The Chicago "Sun"

BY MILTON MAYER

Chicago

THE moment Japanese planes took off for Pearl Harbor, the Chicago *Sun's* season for being ceased to exist. The *Sun,* at the tender age of three days, was the most violently belligerent paper in America with the single exception of *PM,* also owned by Marshall Field. Its Sunday cartoon on the morning of Pearl Harbor depicted Japan as a little mosquito buzzing boldly around the massive head of Uncle Sam, and the caption was "Time to Swat Him."

Intervention was the only thing Chicago's morning paper stood for. But what Chicago needed was a good newspaper, a good newspaper being no better than, say, the interventionist New York *Times* or the isolationist St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.* The *Sun* management—and we shall have to distinguish the management from the owner—thought that to be interventionist in the Chicago morning field was enough. It was too easy a formula. It overlooked the inevitable disappearance of the intervention issue, and it overlooked Chicago's need, Chicago's nature, and, in particular, the nature of Chicago's hatred of the *Tribune.*

Everybody in Chicago hates the *Tribune.* For ninety years the *Tribune* has been fastening its paretic grip on Chicago, not by virtue of this issue or that but by virtue of its simply being there, by virtue of its being a hard-hitting newspaper in a hard-hitting town, and by virtue of its being, mechanically and technically, one of the best newspapers in the world. The liberals hated it because it was reactionary; the tories because it supported the Kelly-Nash "New Deal" machine. But they all read it.

What was indicated for a mesmerized Chicago was a good newspaper dedicated to the proposition, not that it would whip the *Tribune,* but that it would save Chicago, and in saving Chicago whip the *Tribune.* What was indicated was the long view and the long pull. But the *Sun* was going to do the job in a hurry. (The editors brag that they hired their first man September 1 and published their first paper December 4.) They were going to whip the *Tribune* and capture Chicago on the issue of isolation and appeasement. The issue went up in the smoke of the battleship Arizona, and the next morning the *Tribune* came out with Old Glory in three colors on the front page and "My Country, Right or Wrong" on the masthead.

At the end of two months the *Sun* is not a bad paper,

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but it is not a good one. And it is very definitely not a successful one. Its circulation, in contrast to its pre-publication promise of a million, is "in excess of 300,000." But its gross press run is around 350,000, of which 150,000 must go to the suburbs and the country in equal parts. An estimate of 40 per cent suburban and country returns is generous to the *Sun*. (Of a hundred papers shipped to New Orleans, two or three are sold.) An estimate of 35,000 returns on the city gross of 200,000 is also generous to the *Sun*. The net, generously estimated, is under 300,000.

The advertising picture, if less significant, is more promising. The January paper carried only a fourth as much department-store lineage—the bell-wether classification—as the *Tribune*, but it did phenomenally well in classified advertising, and all but two of the big local stores were represented in the display columns. Whether or not the paper "pulls," the advertisers can't yet tell, January retail sales in Chicago having been the highest in history in spite of reduced advertising budgets. What the *Sun* has to face, along with every other paper, is a steadily shrinking volume of advertising as consumer goods disappear.

More important than circulation or advertising is the great intangible—good-will. No paper in the history of American journalism ever had as much pre-publication good-will as the *Sun*, if for no other reason than that no other city ever had a Chicago *Tribune*. "Twenty-five million dollars' worth of good-will," the best editor in Chicago says, "and they blew it in sixty days." What happened? And why?

The "what" is plain to see. Chicago was led to expect a great paper. Chicagoans disagreed as to what constituted a great paper, but they agreed on certain factors. It would be well written and well edited. It would be mechanically excellent. It would be complete. It would be independent. It would be original. And—this went without saying in Chicago—it would be a fighting paper. The bourgeoisie was sure it would fight the Kelly machine. The progressives were sure it would fight the *Tribune*.

The letdown—the buildup was in part the fault of a hopeful Chicago—was terrific. After ninety days of publication Chicagoans of every kind and condition agree that the *Sun* is dull, listless, characterless, unsatisfying, uninspired. The whole city admits that the paper has no personality, no vitality, no direction, no distinction. These expressions—and I found no dissent from them, even in the local room of the *Sun* itself—damn the new paper in a way that Hearst and McCormick at their worst were never damned. These expressions damn the *Sun*—the only major American newspaper venture in the last twenty years—as just another newspaper.

That's the "what" of the *Sun*. The "why," if not quite so plain, is still plain enough. And it is not to be found in the ordinary difficulties involved in starting a metropolitan newspaper. The ordinary difficulties were there. There was the confusion of sharing the mechanical equipment of a big paper like the *News*. There was the impossibility of finding ready-made "Supermen" or "Blondies" in a comic-crazy age. There was the *Tribune's* sudden splurge of front- and back-page color, and the fact that the *News* presses won't take color decks. There was the refusal of good newspapermen—whose number is not legion—to take a flier, even a flier with Field. There was Hearst, who wanted a million dollars for the only inactive AP franchise in town. And, finally, there was McCormick, the fake apostle of free enterprise, who kept the paper out of the City News Bureau and the picture services.

The handicaps were there, but if anyone ever had a chance of beating them it was Marshall Field. He had the good-will of a million people who, in the last analysis, would settle for anything that was even a little better than the *Tribune*. He had a great Chicago name and a growing reputation in his own right as a man whose intentions were as good as McCormick's were bad. Finally, he had a half-billion dollars, and, in his own naive words, he didn't care what happened to it. He was willing to pay salaries that the Guild intended to ask for—but not get—in heaven, ranging from a rewrite man's $130 to the publisher's reported $3,000—and I mean per week. Colonel Knox, the popular patriot, is said to be paying off his building mortgage on the composing-room take alone.

The failure of the *Sun* is the work not of Field but of the men who manage the paper, beginning with its publisher, Mr. Roosevelt's "my good friend" Silliman Evans. Evans is a Texas type, a bumptious glad-hander with a banker's eye and a broker's heart. Originally a reporter for Amon Carter, the Fort Worth Hearst, he rose rapidly to his natural level, that of promoter. He managed Jack Garner's publicity campaign in 1932 in exchange for the Fourth Assistant Postmaster Generalship (no kidding). Jesse Jones gave him a teetering insurance company and some RFC money to mate it with, and then some kind friend who thought that a New Deal paper would be nice in Tennessee financed him into the Nashville *Tennesseean*. The *Tennesseean* fought the Crump machine and the poll tax, supported Roosevelt and the TVA, but somehow never got itself mistaken by anybody for a genuinely liberal paper. Evans remained, and remains today, a crusading liberal of the Garner-Carter-Jones school. He was sold to Field by Field's adviser, Charles G. Cushing of Wall Street.

Evans hired Rex Smith as editor. Smith, the AP's man in Spain for years, was editor of *Newsweek*. Apart from having been "impartially" pro-Franco during the war, he did an excellent job of making *Newsweek* readable and reliable. When he moved to Chicago, he transferred

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his headquarters and hiring-hall from the Stork Club to its Chicago counterpart, the Pump Room, an odd place for a fighting liberal or, for that matter, a busy man.

Smith picked the managing editor, the city editor, the editorial writer, the sports editor, and the head of the copy desk. They were all Hearst men; not men who had to work for Hearst but men who liked to. In combination, and in the same respective positions, these were the men who ran the Chicago *Herald and Examiner* into the ground. For head of the Washington bureau, Smith picked Bascom Timmons, a lifelong Garner man and the journalistic representative of Garner-Carter-Jones crusading liberalism in Washington. For business editor, Smith picked Phil Hanna, whose daily column in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* was—and still is, in the *Sun*—reactionary even for the reactionary *Journal of Commerce*.

These are the men who hired the staff of the *Sun*. These are the men who dominate its policies and direct its gathering and selection of news. With these men in executive positions, the miracle is that the paper is as good as it is. And its redeeming features may be traced, quite directly, in equal parts to Field's surviving intentions, to a lot of good working stiffs in the lower brackets, and to the irritating presence of a couple of excellent men in secondary desk positions. Smith's alibi that he had to have men who knew Chicago and Washington suggests that his criteria are, at best, childish.

The *Sun* is plainly a reaction from *PM*. Smith and Evans, particularly Evans, are understood to regard Ralph Ingersoll as a nutty idealist and *PM* as a radical fantasy. The *Sun* was to be everything *PM* is not. It half succeeded: *PM* is a bum paper with an idea, and the *Sun* is a mediocre paper without one. Evans wanted no crusades, no attacks, no novelties, no tricks. He wanted an ordinary newspaper, and he got one.

Behind this reaction to *PM* lay the taint, as Evans saw it, of being a rich man's darling. Evans, and Smith with him, was determined to make money with the *Sun* and to begin making it with the first issue. Their determination took the form of the silliest formula in journalism: try to please everybody, but if you can't please everybody, please everybody who will swing on you if you don't. It was the wrong means even to achieve the wrong end of quick success.

Perhaps Field thought that intervention and liberalism were identical, or that the New Deal and liberalism were identical. Evans gave him his intervention and even a little New Dealism, the latter in the form of some heavy early slugging at the Smith anti-labor bill, since forgotten, and at the Honorable Martin Dies. Kind, if uninspired, words are spoken occasionally for the Farm Security Agency and for security in general. The war effort is supported fanatically, uncritically, and occasionally very stupidly, as when the paper suggested we ought to forget the Far East and smack Hitler. The good things the *Sun* says are said so limply that to date there hasn't been a single editorial worth quoting.

But the good things the *Sun* says might just as well be said in New York, New Orleans, or San Francisco. The test of a Chicago newspaper's liberalism is not where it stands on the war but where it stands on Sanitary Ed Kelly. The *Sun* stands four-square, rock-ribbed, and copper-sheathed on the fence.

Marshall Field

Roosevelt wanted a Chicago morning paper to fight the *Tribune* on intervention. Kelly, who is everybody's man, is both McCormick's and Roosevelt's man, McCormick's at heart and Roosevelt's man at election time. Roosevelt told Kelly to help Field, and Kelly interceded with McCormick. McCormick agreed to let the *Sun* reach the newsstands, ostensibly for Ed Kelly and the fair name of Chicago, actually because a circulation war, complete with slugging of newsboys, would have made hundreds of thousands of *Sun* sympathizers. When the *Sun* circulation system broke down, after the first month, Kelly again went to McCormick, and McCormick agreed to let the *Sun* into the local delivery organizations, ostensibly for Ed Kelly, actually—according to report—because the *Sun* agreed to raise its Sunday price to a dime in the near future.

So the *Sun* was tied to Kelly, and through Kelly to the whole complex of public plunder that spells Chicago. Besides, Roosevelt needed Kelly to carry Illinois in the fall, and Roosevelt's whim is the *Sun's* will. From its first day of publication the *Sun* combined the interesting procedure of building up Kelly and laying off him. Days passed into weeks without a single editorial on a local issue, while the "reactionary" *News* continued its magnificent series of campaigns against the machine in general and the rape of the school system in particular.

By the time the *Sun* began building up Kelly's campaign for the Senatorial nomination—strictly as news, of course—its readers were familiar to the point of intimacy with the name, the face, and the fame of Edward J. Kelly. When the machine decided on an unknown Congressman as its candidate, the *Sun* spoke vaguely and generally about unity.

Meanwhile, Professor Paul Douglas, a bred-in-the-bone liberal who was finishing a refreshing term in the

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City Council, announced his intention, with the support of all the respectable liberals in town, to run for the Senate. The *Sun* was the only paper that failed to send a photographer to cover his announcement. The "reactionary" *News* began building him up. The machine picked its party-hack candidate, and Douglas ripped into the machine at a "harmony" luncheon in Springfield. The *Sun* said nothing. Eventually it will have to support Douglas or abandon its claim to being even a decent newspaper, but it missed its chance to grab him when it could have had him for the asking and put him in the Senate and itself on the map.

There's a pension scandal that has been kicking around unpublished since the first of the year. Business Editor Hanna either knows about it or doesn't read the annual report of one of the biggest corporations in town. Everybody else knows about it, and Messrs. Evans and Smith may even have heard about it at the Pump Room. It's a hot story, going right to the heart of the banking-utility setup, but the *Sun* hasn't broken it, and the rest of the papers won't. What the *Sun has* done is run an editorial jubilating over the fact that "Chicago's slum babies are the healthiest in the world" and asking rhetorically, "How could money be better spent?" than by the Infant Welfare Society.

Taking journalism strictly as art, the *Tribune* is journalistically excellent. It is well written, well edited, and well printed. The *Sun,* artistically considered, is atrocious. Loaded with prima donnas—some of whom were no good in their prime—it is consistently overwritten. Some days the paper carries as much as thirty-nine columns more news than the fatter *Tribune* and still fails to be a complete newspaper. The reason is that stories that ought to be a column or two—like Turner Catledge's dispatches from South America—are cut to a few paragraphs.

The paper depends on the brilliance of its individual writers—few of whom are brilliant—instead of on sound reporting. "It's like a department store with every department leased out," says one of the editors of the *News.* Some of the prima donnas are Hearst sob sisters, like the lady who began her page 1 biography of Colin Kelly with, "When he was sixteen months old, Colin Kelly's mother dedicated him to God." Others, more numerous and even more terrible, are whimsy specialists.

Whimsy is a dangerous business. There is nothing essentially whimsical about a worker's being crushed almost to death by a five-ton pile of salt, and the headline "Worker Neatly Seasoned Under 5 Tons of Salt" doesn't make it so. Neither does the lead "The flavor of a glass of beer is immeasurably improved by a pinch of salt." A painfully funny front-page feature, "Windy the Weather Girl," editorial pieces on antimacassar oil and the man-hours lost when Dorothy Lamour inspected an airplane factory, and consistently flippant or oleaginous treatment of minor tragedies are too numerous and regular to be accidental.

Bad writing and editing are posterior to bad news judgment. A reporter is sent to Missouri to cover a lynching three days after the story is dead. Another is sent to Hawaii cold, writes two or three necessarily inadequate stories, and is brought back home. A *Sun* scoop is usually something nobody else wants, and when another paper gets a real beat, the *Sun* half the time tries to outplay it and half the time ignores it.

Distortion—not, of course, anywhere near as bad as the *Tribune's*—appears regularly in the omission of local and the handling of international news. H. R. Knickerbocker's arrival in New Zealand with "United States naval forces" is played up over the invasion of Singapore island. A Washington dispatch reporting an air battle in which the Japs lost three planes to the Americans' two asserts in the lead that "the results were disastrous to the enemy." The first story on a move for A. F. of L.–C. I. O. unity is given less than a third of a column, without any background or insight.

Something that can only be described as general stupidity may lie behind all this. When *Time* ran a not unfriendly story about the decline of the paper and its circulation and editorial troubles, the *Sun* ran its telegram of protest on page 1 of the Sunday edition. The *Sun* telegram, weak, evasive, and abusive, brought the *Time* story to the attention of three million Chicagoans, of whom only some ten or twenty thousand would have seen it otherwise.

Under the same category of general stupidity must be placed the ragged, erratic make-up—particularly of the front page—and the steady stream of mistakes and inaccuracies that find their way into the paper. Churchill came over on a new battleship—and didn't go back on one, as the *Sun* reported. The squash tournament finalists represented the Chicago Club—and not the University of Chicago, as the *Sun* reported. Montgomery Ward has always lettered the extra pages in its catalogue—and didn't "hit upon the idea" in order to get war prices in, as the *Sun* said. These things are trivial, but they pile up.

Worst of all—from the standpoint of journalism strictly as art—the *Sun* doesn't know the town and hasn't touched it. Chicago is a slugging town and a sentimental town. The *Sun* hasn't waded into anything yet, except water pollution—with a Supreme Court decision on water diversion as the villain and Mayor Kelly as the hero. A suicide of a boy whose girl has told him he's too prudish for modern times goes untouched; so does the story of a little boy whose tongue froze to a fire hydrant on the coldest day of the year. A fire in one of the worst tenements in Chicago, a structure condemned and uncondemned a dozen times, is reported twice—in each case with a long story—in the same edition, but without

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anything on the scandal of the tenement itself. Even the war hasn't been brought home to Chicago the way it has in the smart Hearst paper.

Finally, the paper, with all its whimsy, lacks originality and independent news judgment. Having put its streamer on Knudsen the night Nelson was appointed, it shifted back and forth all night, vis-a-vis the successive editions of the *Tribune,* and wound up in its last edition with the streamer on Knudsen's "promotion." It prints more canned publicity stories and pictures than any other paper in town. It carries good syndicated columns by Lippmann, Lindley, Grafton, H. Allen Smith, and Ernie Pyle, but its local features are conventional, and its women's and club pages, on which it lavishes loving care, are completely insipid. The *Sun* does nothing that somebody else hasn't done before—and many times before. The handicaps mentioned previously explain only a few of these defects. The management is primarily at fault.

Marshall Field doesn't know Chicago and doesn't know the newspaper business, and admits he doesn't. But the men he hired do, or ought to. Field's paper lacks, among other things, the character given a paper by a dominating personality, like that of McCormick, Ochs, White, or Hearst. If Field has that personality, and he has yet to display it, he can save his paper and learn how to run it. Until he learns how to run it, he can find men like Agar or Bovard, or even a great working editor in Chicago who would like to change jobs right now. The principles on which Field founded the *Sun* can never be realized under its present executives. Chicago still needs a good paper. If Field still wants one, he, and he alone, can get it.

World Trade After the War

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

ONLY in the context of a greatly expanded world trade, the new Anglo-American economic agreement recognizes, can this country hope to receive any physical return for the billions of dollars' worth of material which it is shipping to Britain and other countries under the terms of the Lease-Lend Act. Consequently, the signatories declare, the squaring of accounts at the close of the war must be accompanied by measures to enlarge "production, employment, and the exchange and consumption of goods which are the material foundations of the liberty and welfare of all peoples"; and to this end they undertake to eliminate "discriminatory treatment in international commerce" and to reduce tariff and other barriers.

Ambitious as this program is, no one can say that it is out of scale with the magnitude of the problem of restoring international trade to full and robust health. This means much more than a return to 1939 or even to 1929, for the progressive paralysis of international trade dates back at least to the last war. But now the final crisis has been reached, and unless drastic measures are taken to enable goods to flow freely from one country to another and thus make possible the reintroduction of a stable international exchange system, we are likely to be forced back to primitive methods of barter.

It has not yet been widely enough recognized that among the major casualties of the war is the British market, which for over a century has occupied a pivotal position in world trade. Despite its abandonment of free trade during the depression, Britain was still at the beginning of the war the least autarchic of the major powers. Even the stoutest British champions of protection were forced to recognize that a crowded population and limited domestic resources made self-sufficiency a ridiculous ideal. Consequently most tariff rates were moderate, and the country drew freely on all parts of the world for food, raw materials, and even manufactured goods. The British trade balance was habitually passive, with imports exceeding exports by upward of a billion dollars a year. But normally this gap was closed by Britain's numerous "invisible" sources of international income, of which the most important were returns on foreign investments, shipping receipts, and banking and insurance earnings. Up to 1929 these items were sufficient not merely to pay for the excess of imports but to leave a balance for reinvestment abroad. During the depression years, however, foreign income from all sources fell somewhat short of the amounts payable abroad, and in order to keep its international accounts balanced, Britain was compelled to realize foreign investments.

In the two and a half years of war this trickle of disinvestment has become a flood, and even though Lease-Lend has relieved Britain of an enormous volume of current payments, its needs for foreign exchange still far exceed its receipts, forcing it to continue the dissipation of its accumulated wealth. It is worth while to examine more closely the ways and means of this liquidation. Just before the war started, according to the Federal Reserve Bulletin for December, 1941, Britain's gold and dollar resources aggregated $4,483,000,000. Today there is only $547,000,000 available in this country with which the British government can meet the many dis-

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bursements not included under Lend-Lease. Practically all British owners of American stocks have had to turn them into the British Treasury in return for payment in sterling. Several hundred million dollars' worth of these securities have been sold on the New York Stock Exchange for British government account, and other huge blocks have been pledged to the RFC as security for a loan.

London has always been the normal financial center for the dominions and India, and their bonds formed an important segment of Britain's overseas assets. Now these countries are accumulating sterling balances as the result of sales to Britain far in excess of purchases and so are able to repatriate these debts. India, for instance, has redeemed all its direct obligations held in London and thus achieved complete financial independence, a fact which is not without political significance. The South African government has repatriated or repaid sterling debt amounting to some $160,000,000 since the outbreak of the war and in addition, according to the *Economist,* has been able to make available in London a far larger sum for the purchase by South Africans of British-held shares in South African gold mines.

Another fruitful source of British investment income has dried up in Malaya. Possibly after the war the tin mines will again yield profits if capital can be supplied for their rehabilitation, but there may be a rather limited future for rubber plantations if this country succeeds in building up a large-scale synthetic-rubber industry. Thus in all parts of the world we see that British foreign investments have either been liquidated to pay for the war or are being destroyed. And this has economic significance beyond its effects in diminishing the incomes of the British capitalist class. For it means a permanent decline in Britain's receipts of foreign exchange and thus a reduced ability after the war to buy American cotton and machinery, Canadian wheat, Argentine beef, and innumerable other commodities for which it long provided the largest and freest market in the world.

Before the war Britain's total foreign assets, including gold and investments in the empire, were estimated to be worth about 5 billion pounds, yielding in 1938 an income of about 200 million pounds. One-fifth of the capital sum was liquidated during the first eighteen months of the war, and unless peace comes much sooner than now seems possible, a total reduction of 50 per cent is a reasonable expectation. A still greater reduction in income is probable, since it is, on the whole, the most productive investments which are being disposed of. It is also necessary to take into account the fact that Britain's shipping income will decline, since its much depleted fleet will have to compete with an enlarged and almost new American mercantile marine. We can therefore expect that after the war Britain's capacity to buy imported commodities in excess of its exports will be reduced by a half. That will mean a reduced standard of living for the British, but it will also mean a reduction of income for the countries accustomed to sell in Britain and an aggravation of the harassing problem of surpluses.

It is clear that if Britain is to make a return in kind of Lease-Lend materials and also to continue as an importer on its pre-war scale, it will have to enlarge its exports. Indeed, far more than Germany before the war, it will be in a position where it must "export or die." Unless, therefore, the aspirations of the Atlantic Charter and the good intentions of the new economic agreement are translated into concrete terms of lower tariffs and demolished trade barriers, Britain is likely to be forced to turn to methods of barter. Commenting on this post-war problem, the Department of Commerce stated recently: "No other solution is seen than that the North American continent disposes itself to the import of goods on a scale far larger than ever before, while England makes every possible effort to take advantage of the opportunity offered."

"IN FUTURE THE ARMY WILL BE GUIDED BY MY INTUITIONS"

Those of us who have observed in the past the responsiveness of Congress to pressure groups when discussing tariff matters cannot feel very optimistic about the adoption of this solution unless an overwhelming public opinion in favor of freer trade is organized. This means a big job of education, but if the facts can be presented clearly and authoritatively, they should prove eloquent.

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Congress may shy at reducing tariffs, but it is also likely to insist that the terms of the Lease-Lend Act in regard to repayment are carried out. But how is this to be done if the barriers against goods remain as high as they are today? Perhaps it will be suggested, as indeed Senator George proposed during the debates on the Lease-Lend bill, that Britain should ship to the United States our normal requirements of tin, rubber, jute, and other non-competitive raw materials free of charge for so many years. But is this the solution? Surely the only result would be that Britain's capacity to import from foreign countries, including the United States, would be correspondingly diminished. This might be approved by some of our overprotected industries concerned only with the domestic market, but how will it sit with the farmers and the increasing number of manufacturers willing and able to find new foreign markets?

After the war, pressure to sell in foreign markets will increase in America. The farm-surplus problem is being alleviated by war demands, but it is not going to be solved. And the tremendous increase in industrial capacity now taking place will hardly be fully employed unless new outlets become available. As a result, private enterprise in this country may find itself impaled on the horns of a very awkward dilemma: either it will have to submit to far greater government interference than it has yet experienced, adapting itself to economic planning in the interests of full employment, or it will have to revert to genuine competition and sacrifice that prime begetter of monopolies—the protective tariff.

Now that we have nearly all the gold in the world, the showdown cannot be postponed by accepting bullion instead of goods that we can consume and enjoy. Our present shortages show up the Fort Knox folly, for which chief responsibility rests on the tariff system, in a glaring light. How much better off we should be today if we had stored up only half as much gold and ten billion dollars' worth of rubber, tin, sugar, wool, worsted, copper, aluminum, and steel!

We have been learning painfully in the past few weeks that even so rich a country as the United States cannot hope to attain self-sufficiency. We shall learn as the months go by that the only true criterion of economic prosperity is the amount of goods available for consumption. But shall we be able to draw the moral after the war? Shall we realize that if we bar or restrict those goods which other countries can produce more efficiently we are acting to diminish the total supply available for consumption as well as limiting the output of those goods for the production of which we have peculiar aptitude?

This is the proposition embodied in the Atlantic Charter and more specifically in the new economic agreement. The world has passed through twenty years of extreme economic nationalism, and its fruits have proved to be poverty and war. If, when peace returns, we do not seize the opportunity to build an international economy on the basis of maximum exchange and consumption of goods, we must expect our children to gather the same bitter harvest.

In the Wind

DESPITE THE STRICT RATIONING of new automobiles, Franco's ambassador to London, the Duke of Alba, has been granted permission by the State Department to buy and ship to England a new car, complete with tires. A few months after the Spanish civil war, when there was no rationing, Juan Negrín, former Republican Premier, ordered an American car with bullet-proof plating. Permission to buy the car was refused him by the State Department on the ground that the arms embargo excluded such a purchase.

AN EFFORT TO COUNTERACT the theory of "crime waves" is being made by a group of liberal criminologists who have organized a new press agency, Crime News and Feature Service. Regular feature stories on current crimes will be syndicated, but the cases will be integrated with their social and economic backrounds and not pictured as part of, or exceptions to, recurring cycles of criminality.

IN AN ARTICLE ON MORALE, the *Quartermaster Review,* an army publication, offers this analysis of military failure: "The French Revolution was ushered in by a general laxity in military discipline and courtesy. The armies of Russia utterly collapsed in the World War following the issuance of the order against saluting."

A MINOR CAMPAIGN to create a war-time job for Joseph P. Kennedy, ex-ambassador to Great Britain, is being waged by former critics of the President's foreign policy. Boake Carter, Arthur Krock, the Boston *Traveler,* and the New York *Enquirer* have all urged that Kennedy be given a high government post.

JACQUES DORIOT, the French Communist leader who became a fascist, recently returned to Paris from the Russian front. He told reporters he had gone there to "avenge the retreat of Napoleon."

ROBERT JORDAN, pro-Nazi soapboxer, was picked up by the FBI on February 17 for alleged failure to register as a foreign agent. He is known to have made several clear statements of his fascist sympathies, of which the following are examples: "I am here to bring you the word of Hitler. I am his ambassador. . . . I was smart enough to take out my papers and keep within the law." Since it could not be proved that he was receiving funds from Germany, Jordan was freed on February 23.

[*The $5 prize for the best item received in February goes to Pauli Murray of Washington, D. C., for her story on discrimination against Negroes in government work, published February 7.*]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

End of Season

BY ROBERT PENN WARREN

Leave now the beach, and even that perfect friendship
—Hair frosting, careful teeth—that came, oh! late,
Late, late, almost too late: that thought like a landslip;
Or only the swimmer's shape for which you would wait,
Bemused and pure among the bright umbrellas, while
Blue mountains breathed and the dark boys cried their
bird-throated syllable.

Leave beach, *spiaggia, playa, plage,* or *spa,*
Where beginnings are always easy; or leave, even,
The Springs where your grandpa went in Arkansas
To purge the rheumatic guilt of beef and bourbon,
And slept like a child, nor called out with the accustomed
nightmare,
But lolled his old hams, stained hands, in that Lethe, as
others, others, before.

For waters wash our guilt and dance in the sun:
And the prophet, hairy and grim in the leonine landscape,
Came down to Jordan; toward moon-set de Leon
Woke, while squat Time clucked like the darkling ape;
And Dante's *duca,* smiling in the blessèd clime,
With rushes, sea-wet, wiped from that sad brow the
infernal grime.

You'll come, you must! and with the tongue gone wintry
You'll greet in town the essential face, which now wears
The mask of travel, smudge of history;
And wordless, each one clasps, and stammering, stares:
You will have to learn a new language to say what is to
say,
But it will never be useful in schoolroom, customs, or
cafe.

For purity was wordless, and perfection
But the bridegroom's sleep or the athlete's marble dream,
And the annual sacrament of sea and sun,
Which browns the face and heals the heart, will seem
Silence, expectant to the answer, which is Time:
For all our conversation is index to our common crime.

On the last day swim far out, should the doctor permit
—Crawl, trudgeon, breast—or deep and wide-eyed, dive
Down the glaucous glimmer where no voice can visit;
But the mail lurks in the box at the house where you live:
The summer's wishes, winter's wisdom—you must think
On the true nature of Hope, whose eye is round and does
not wink

Notes by the Way

JOHN STEINBECK'S latest book, "The Moon Is Down" (Viking Press, $2), is a fable of the occupied country cast in the dramatic form he employed in "Of Mice and Men." The action takes place in "any conquered country in any time," and the theme is the slow undermining of the morale of the conquerors. The invaders take over the island without a struggle, thanks to the expert preparatory work of a local fifth columnist—the popular storekeeper. They try to conciliate the people in the person of Mayor Orden; they see no reason why an orderly people should not remain orderly, especially since they are unarmed and helpless, and go on operating the mines which made their island important in the first place. But the islanders, who have been free for four hundred years, refuse to accept their role. They are helpless, yet they manage to disrupt the work at the mines; even worse is their ostracism of the invaders, to whom they deny in innumerable and quiet ways the status of human beings. Shootings have no effect, and in the end it is the invaders who are on the defensive.

The theme is important, timely, universal. It is closely bound up with prevailing emotions. It would seem, therefore, to be the stuff out of which a modern fable might emerge. Yet I found the book curiously unmoving despite my own preoccupation with the subject. The trouble lies, I think, with the method Mr. Steinbeck has affected—studied understatement, simple, unaccented language, matter-of-fact tone. Such writing depends for its power on the concentration and maturity of feeling with which it is charged. In this case the charge is not sufficient. The form, therefore, seems contrived, the simplicity becomes pretentious, the understatement and matter-of-fact tone sentimental. The sprawling yet effective eloquence of "The Grapes of Wrath" seems to me much better suited to Mr. Steinbeck's particular gifts.

THE WRITING of Antoine de Saint Exupéry resembles that of André Malraux in one respect: it is marked by the special kind of frenzy which results when passion is joined to technique. Such writing reminds me of the performance of a ballet dancer whose wonderful freedom of movement rises from and is released by a technical control of the body in motion strict in the extreme but so complete that it has been "forgotten" by the performer and is invisible to the observer; and it yields the same keen pleasure.

The passion of Malraux springs from an intellect and an imagination more profound and complex; but Saint Exupéry's "Flight to Arras" (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.75) is a fine performance. It gives a thrilling account of an actual flight to Arras; it brings us to the very center of the French defeat; and it gives one man's answer to the question why the members of Group 2-33 accepted, with a "Very good, sir," the command to take up their planes though France was already in collapse and the sorties of Saint Exupéry and his comrades were both useless and suicidal.

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The answer reveals a man perceptive, humane, of exquisite honesty. To my mind, however, the most striking passages of the book are those in which Saint Exupéry shows us the countryside of France from his great height and particularly those which bring under our very eyes the terrible reality of France disintegrating into a sluggish stream of refugees, of villages toppling one by one into the river of defeat.

> . . . I had seen the village in which we were billeted go to pieces. I do not expect ever to be free of that clinging, viscous memory. . . . All the stables, all the sheds, all the barns and garages had vomited into the narrow streets a most extraordinary collection of contrivances. There were new motor cars, and there were ancient farm carts that for half a century had stood untouched under layers of dust. . . . Every box on wheels had been dug up and was now laden with the treasures of the home. . . .
>
> Together, these treasures had made up that greater treasure—a home. By itself each was valueless; . . . Each filling its place, they had been made indispensable by habit and beautiful by memory, had been lent price by the sort of fatherland which, together, they constituted. . . . Fling sacred relics into a heap, and they can turn your stomach.

"FALLING THROUGH SPACE" by Richard Hillary (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.50) is the personal history of another aviator, a young Australian who was a student at Oxford when the war broke out. He immediately joined the R. A. F.; a year later he was shot down over the Channel during the great German air offensive. He was rescued, but he was so badly injured that he spent almost as many months in hospitals as he had spent in the air. The last third of his book is an account of his long painful recovery and of his efforts to discover the meaning of his experience.

In time of war the individual shrinks to the proportions of a pinpoint at the minimizing end of a telescope. In self-defense we think in terms of masses of men; and separate human tragedies are hidden rather than revealed by the round numbers of casualty figures. But every human being, since he is "involved in Mankinde," is under an obligation to retain his awareness of men as individuals if only because man in the mass loses his significance.

Mr. Hillary is only now twenty-two. His is a first book both as to writing and thinking. It has not the charm or the brilliance or the resolution of "Flight to Arras." But for that very reason it serves to make real for us the individual ordeal in a world at war. MARGARET MARSHALL

Fischer on England

DAWN OF VICTORY. By Louis Fischer. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.75.

ONE value of Louis Fischer's new book is that it will help the American reader to understand the constant reshufflings of the British Cabinet, particularly the recent one. Those changes, in what they avoid rather than in what they confront, emphasize the real problem of Britain—war production. Mr. Churchill, an unmatched leader of the people, is not a very good conductor of the war. He does a good job as strategist-politician, but he is weak on production, as Louis Fischer says. The June 23 speech, on solidarity with the U. S. S. R., was one of the greatest strokes of political generalship of this or any other age. Yet Britain is using much less than 100 per cent of its real productive potential. Why is this so? Because, Fischer answers, the conservative classes dread the reorganization of British economy. The social perspectives which would be opened up by all-out production are what has prevented the appointment of a supreme Minister of Production.

The author is insistent on these points. In its unbreakable will to resist the Axis Britain is a unity; in the *how* of that resistance it is not. We have heard much about a "revolution" in Britain. Fischer is skeptical. There is a great desire for a more decent life, but that desire is growing up outside the political parties. Labor, certainly, has not so far made itself the natural leader of that populism. The British government is fundamentally a conservative one, even more so after the recent Cabinet changes. A great deal of what Fischer has to say here about the rivalries between Bevin and Beaverbrook and between the two factions of the Tory party is most illuminating. I wish, however, that he had paid more attention to the career of Churchill, for much of the obscurity of the situation is peculiarly due to the Prime Minister's position. Mr. Churchill is leader of the Conservative Party, yet in a sense, though he is a Conservative and on many points an extremely reactionary one, he is really a man without a party. He is distrusted by a great many Tories; his cautiously managed approach to Labor would have guaranteed that, of course, though a majority of his party realize that they could not survive without Churchill and Labor. After the Chamberlain tragedy the trade-union party alone could have got the best out of labor. But Churchill had already changed his political party twice, from Conservative to Liberal in the early 1900's and back again in 1924. He is not firmly imbedded among the Tories, and it is impracticable for him, if not impossible, to join the Labor Party. (Some labor leaders expect him to make that move should Labor ever grow strong enough to provide adequate support.)

The independence, or rather the personalism, this implies, quite as much as his courage and his rejection of appeasement, makes him the only possible leader of a coalition government. It also inevitably forces him to compromise to an excessive degree. At all costs he must placate the Conservative Party, which alone could overthrow him. Hence the defeatist Hoare, the suspected Simon, and the detested Margesson, his enemy within the Conservative Party. As the author puts it, Churchill has not captured the Tory party, "that party has captured him." The author does not give any serviceable advice as to what line Labor should follow, though he is disturbed by Labor's forcelessness. Nor does he touch upon a problem which is engaging many intelligent people of all parties, of how to create a real Board of Grand Strategy. That again is related to Mr. Churchill's monopolistic character. Nevertheless, in general these chapters are extremely useful, alike in their information and in their suggestive power. One notes only two minor errors, and one unnecessarily cruel statement. Fischer says that a certain Cabinet minister is reputed to be a descendant of Queen Elizabeth. He might have left Englishmen at least one symbol of virginity.

About Russia the author has much to say that is profoundly interesting. Axis propaganda in this country seeks

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to intensify the existing distrust of Britain and the Soviet Union. To the problem of Russia Fischer provides answers which differ considerably from those recently given by this reviewer in *The Nation.*

Does a Russian victory mean the domination of Europe by the Soviet Union and the spread of communism? After tracing the rebirth of Russian nationalism, Fischer offers two basic reasons why this is improbable. The European masses believe that a transformation of society is necessary. The question before them, however, is what they shall put in the place of capitalist democracy. Louis Fischer believes that it is unthinkable that they will choose communism, for greater democracy is the essence of the public desire. Given the probable circumstances of post-war Europe, I think he is right. Lenin long ago put the matter succinctly when he said that the working classes do not revolt until they are convinced that any change will be for the better, or rather not for the worse. (That, one supposes, was also why Hitler polled 44 per cent of the German electorate, though Lenin had not foreseen that sort of choice.) The problem of communism, then, is less likely to become urgent if the democratic powers reconstruct their world. This is good reasoning as long as one bears in mind that so far there is very little reason to expect that the democratic rulers of today will become vigorously reconstructive unless they are given what might be called overwhelming support. Fischer's second point is, at bottom, that it is more than likely that as the war goes on Russia will be so weakened and engrossed by home affairs that it will be little inclined toward military or political expansion. At the same time British and American armies will be in Europe, and America will have the control of food surpluses. Hence Europe will look to America rather than to the Soviets.

One confesses that the second argument, based as it is on probability, is disagreeable. It seems to suggest that the solution of the whole Russian question depends on German strength rather than on democratic vision. The estimate of relative strengths may turn out to be correct. The enormousness of the task confronting Russia will probably incline it to cooperation. That being so, we have only one sane course, to offer security, post-war aid, and the right of collaboration irrespective of any estimate of its strength. The contrary course is to perpetuate Russian fears, fears which are likely to do as much harm in the future as they have in the past. I wish Fischer had said this explicitly. He has not done so, though when he says every power must be included in our scheme for post-war reconstruction, he doubtless means the Soviets also. What is indisputably of great value, however, is his warning that the policy of the balance of power is once more likely to be pursued. Certain British Tories are already thinking of an Anglo-Russian bloc to replace the Anglo-French coalition. There is also the idea of an Anglo-American bloc, regarded by some conservatives as the complement of the Anglo-Russian setup; the one to be balanced against the other, with Britain at the center of the world seesaw. Against this the author vigorously warns us. Over and above the importance of the author's analyses of immediate realities, it is the discussion of these trends which makes "Dawn of Victory" so suggestive a book.

RALPH BATES

Japan's "Mein Kampf"

JAPAN'S DREAM OF EMPIRE: THE TANAKA MEMORIAL. Edited with an Introduction by Carl Crow. Harper and Brothers. $1.25.

ALTHOUGH it antedates the published version of "Mein Kampf" by several years, Japan's blueprint of world conquest, the Tanaka Memorial, is comparatively unknown in this country. Scholars interested in the Far East have been debating its authenticity ever since it was first brought forth by the Chinese delegation to the Kyoto conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations late in 1929. But perhaps because the scholars have been skeptical regarding its authenticity, it has received little attention outside of academic circles. Except for a few brief references in 1931 and 1932 the daily press has ignored its existence. With the attack on Pearl Harbor and the obviously carefully planned offensive against British, Dutch, and American possessions in East Asia and the South Seas, this controversial document has suddenly been rediscovered and is now published in this country for the first time.

The reviewer was among those who first read the Tanaka Memorial some twelve years ago and was among those who were dubious about its authenticity. The document purports to be a memorial presented to the Emperor of Japan on July 25, 1927, by Premier Tanaka, who was a forerunner of the present military clique. Its audacious plan for the domination of the whole of East Asia through the defeat of the United States seemed, at that date, completely incredible. Moreover, since the document itself contains certain obvious textual inaccuracies there was reason to consider it only another international forgery.

The authenticity of the document is still unproved. But as Carl Crow points out in the introduction to this edition of the memorial, "there has not been an official action of Japan in China for the past ten years which has not followed the lines laid out in the memorial. If the memorial was never written and never presented to the Emperor, then it is a very curious and unaccountable circumstance that it should form the basis for Japanese policy."

Although it does not carry us as far as the attack on Pearl Harbor and the South Seas, the document sets forth in detail the Japanese plan for overrunning Manchuria and for the subjugation and exploitation of China, and it carries explicit recognition of the necessity for fighting both the United States and the Soviet Union.

Some of the sections on the conquest of Manchuria are positively uncanny. Tanaka outlines in detail the use of Korean immigrants in providing the excuse for attacking Manchuria. He describes how Manchuria is to be exploited by the depreciation of Fengtien banknotes, and provides a blueprint for the building of railroads and other military preparations in Manchuria for the eventual war against China and the Soviet Union. All of these steps have been carried out exactly as outlined.

> For the sake of self-preservation and of giving warning to China [Tanaka adds] we must fight America some time. The American Asiatic squadron stationed at the Philippines is but a stone's throw from Tsushima and Senchima. . . . The Yamato race is then embarked on the journey of world

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> conquest. According to the last will of Meiji, our first step was to conquer Formosa, and the second step to annex Korea. Having completed both of these, the third step is . . . the conquest of Manchuria, Mongolia, and China. When this is done, the rest of Asia, including the South Sea Islands, will be at our feet.

For a document written in 1927 this is pretty fair prophecy! But there are some significant variations in the pattern. Tanaka, if indeed he wrote these words, did not envision Japan fighting simultaneously against China, Great Britain, the Netherlands, and the United States. And he was clearly too optimistic regarding the economic advantages to be gained by the conquest of Manchuria and Mongolia. While Japan today is much farther along the road to world conquest than he dreamed, it has achieved this by taking risks which Tanaka sought to avoid. As prophecy, therefore, the memorial has serious shortcomings. But as a key to the mind of the Japanese militarist it should be required reading.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Robinson Jeffers

BE ANGRY AT THE SUN AND OTHER POEMS. By Robinson Jeffers. Random House. $2.50.

JEFFERS'S poetry turns out to be better upon reacquaintance than the reviewer remembers it to have been. And the reviewer is not one to overrate this sort of poetry. But it stays more or less the same, without amplification or development. All that is new in this latest volume—the unrelieved obsession with contemporary events and even the influence of Yeats (one of Jeffers's few admissions that he reads his contemporaries)—is imposed upon an unchanged essence. The new narrative poem, Mara, is as bad as ever, if not worse—probably worse. How Jeffers won his reputation on the basis of his narratives I cannot see: they contain some of the worse respectable poetry in English, and couch a humanity too narrow ever to be taken very seriously in poetry or out of it. Elsewhere, in the verse play included in this book and in the short poems, this narrowness does less harm, lacking the space in which to make itself felt.

The verse play, which deals with Hitler at a peripatetic moment of his career, is surprisingly successful in spite of its stilted passages, because its argument is felt strongly and seriously enough to inform the verse with strength and seriousness. Jeffers treats Hitler as a personality valuable in its own right, and thus not simply to be hated and feared but to be understood and delineated for the purposes of poetry, since, after all, it is to figure in a poem. The paths to wisdom, or to a wise attitude, are many, and not all of them are wise. Jeffers's philosophy of history, a compost of Spengler and sophomoric cynicism, enables him to understand events better for the sake of poetry, and perhaps for the sake of truth itself, than does the better-informed, better-intentioned, but more self-indulgent partisanship of liberal anti-fascism. The latter for the right reasons clings to illusions of which Jeffers has rid himself for the wrong reasons. Wrong reasons and all, this is why the short poems here make up some of the best contemporary literature about the war itself.

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But what is Jeffers's merit as a poet? Certainly he has too little and too crude a feeling for language and for the plastic requirements of poetry, too little sensitivity to the weight, texture, flavor, rhythms, and history of words, taking and using them too much as he finds them, failing to exploit their extra-logical qualities. He can state physical detail vividly; yet he has little power to suggest or evoke much beyond that which is actually *stated*. But that is just it. Jeffers's poetry is successful—when it is successful—as statement; one might almost say as charged prose. It is worst whenever the poet reminds himself that he is writing formal poetry and tries to call the reader's attention to the fact. This verse does not enter poetry by its formal merits but because it is driven by a certain force and conviction. It is *about* something. And this something, the experience of a sincere and intensely serious person, is strong enough to transfigure the crudeness and clumsiness of its own means of expression. Given, to begin with, enough intensity and some competence—which Jeffers does have—thoroughgoing sincerity will usually produce some amount of good poetry in a lifetime. With most people fashionable pretensions and the wrong influences get in the way.

For Jeffers there is little question of this last; he is an odd item, a raw poet, out of the main stream, taking nothing from and giving nothing to his contemporaries. Which is his handicap as well as his advantage. He understands too little, knows too little, cherishes too many half-truths, and like all provincials tries to make too few ideas go too far. Thus, not having enough art, he has to rely mostly on his temperament. I can only wonder whether that will be enough to make more than a small fraction of his work permanent poetry.

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Argument for Democracy

THE DESTINY OF WESTERN MAN. By W. T. Stace. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

MR. STACE is like one of those saintly philosophers of the medieval period who could not rest until he had fortified his unquestioned and unquestioning faith in God by proving that God existed, that he was eternal, and that he was good. Mr. Stace, Briton born and philosopher by profession, has written his book to prove that democracy is not only desired by our side but good on all counts. It is perfectly clear that our author has never doubted that he prefers the democratic to the totalitarian way of life, and does not think English-speaking readers need to be converted. But he feels that it is necessary to show that democracy is not only relatively but absolutely good and, what is more, absolutely "true." He seeks to demonstrate that "we can believe, on good and rational grounds, that our ideals are rooted in reason and goodness, that they are worth defending because they are right and true, because they are actually the noblest and greatest ideals which human beings have yet found in the world. And we may further fortify our faith that in the end our cause must triumph, not because it is ours, but because it is just."

A rhetorical flight such as this may be forgiven in the last paragraph of a book of three hundred pages, nearly all argument, including diagrams, and, though non-technical, highly abstract. This volume, it may be noted, won the prize of $2,500 in a contest sponsored by its publishers for members of college and university staffs. One of the judges, Carl Van Doren, calls the book "as searching and rousing a book as any in our age." It is certainly an attempt, moderately successful, to search out first principles. But "rousing" is a piece of fanfare. Though written in the decent English of an urbane Englishman, it is extremely dialectical and rather pedestrian, even to the listing in classroom fashion of Points One, Two, and Three, and sections of summaries and commentaries. One waits for the bell to ring.

Mr. Stace's argument is not unfamiliar, even in his insistence that democratic morals are grounded in the eternal order of reason; eighteenth-century democrats like Jefferson would have recognized that, too. Democracy, Mr. Stace points out, holds that impulse intelligently governed in each individual generates happiness. All systems, political, legal, social, are to be measured by the extent to which they promote that harmony of variety which is rational and self-justifying in a life satisfactory to the individual. Individuals are all in the same boat, and not only share the same fate but find their happiness in no small part in sharing the same experience. The harmonizing of impulses is the work of Reason, the Greek contribution to democracy; the sharing of life, the sense of brotherhood, and a mutual sense of the infinite value of each individual is the Christian heritage of Sympathy. The totalitarian state, in contrast, exalts will and power over reasonable control. It exalts the abstract Leviathan of the organic state and ignores or contemns the individual life.

Mr. Stace's argument for democracy lies largely in his attempt at a demonstration that what we call democracy, in aspiration if not in fact, expresses the eternally human char-

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acter of human life. Democratic morality consists in an emphasis on "the infinite value of the individual"; it has exhibited the various facets of this idea—liberty, equality, and fraternity. Mr. Stace holds, then, that democracy, which he equates with "civilization," is an attempt to express and organize a life on the principles of "reason and sympathy." Totalitarianism seeks "to found instead a new civilization based on the primacy of will." It is, Mr. Stace thinks, founded on Schopenhauer rather than Plato, on Nietzsche rather than Christ.

It hardly needs to be said at this late date that Mr. Stace is speaking almost the banal truth when he reminds us that democracy in its essential symptoms goes a long way back, and far deeper than the merely recent and political forms we associate with the word. It goes back to Plato, though the aspects of Plato Mr. Stace is discussing are perhaps much more present in Aristotle. Plato was at best a very reluctant democrat, and combined an emphasis on reason with as organic a notion of the state as any German or Japanese could mumble. When Mr. Stace asks us to accept Schopenhauer as the "basis" of the totalitarian "order," he is asking us to swallow a good deal in the way of simplification. The cult of irrationality had many sources other than Schopenhauer or Nietzsche, and Schopenhauer liked to talk about sympathy almost more than any democratic thinker Mr. Stace could dig up.

Mr. Stace's essential point is a simple enough one. A society that measures its values in the terms of harmonious and satisfactory individual lives is a permanent and recurrent human ideal. In that sense democracy may be eternal and it may be true. But it seems a singular enterprise to try to defend the morality of a free and flexible society by dignifying it with the same kind of absoluteness that tyrannies cherish. Mr. Stace makes a quite good case, though an unnecessarily complicated one, for showing that a democratic society is more generous, reasonable, and happy than a totalitarian one. He is one of a long line of philosophers who apparently cannot rest until they prove that the relatively better is the eternally true. That way dogmatism lies. The relativism against which Mr. Stace inveighs so often in his book is the very essence of the democratic faith, the experimental adventure of free men in an open universe.

"The Destiny of Western Man" is a catch-penny title, obviously not the author's. The book is about the natural basis of democracy and its human fruits. Mr. Stace is much more modest than his title suggests and does not pretend to be a Spengler in reverse. He is simply a lover of democracy who wants logic as well as tanks to be all on our side.

IRWIN EDMAN

Old J. P.

JOSEPH PULITZER AND HIS WORLD. By James Wyman Barrett. The Vanguard Press. $3.50.

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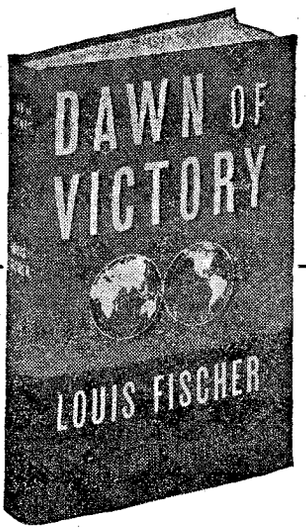

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times when momentous events were happening to J. P. they were also happening to his contemporaries. This is, in fact, a story of Pulitzer and his times rather than a biography. No one is likely to enjoy the book less for that reason—no one, at least, who has read Don C. Seitz's solemn tome on the same subject. Mr. Barrett was the last city editor of the *World,* and he remembers his newspaper with affection. He makes a valiant effort to recapture its spirit for a new generation, and I think he succeeds.

For the fact remains that after you have got past the yellow of the first yellow journal—and Mr. Barrett has his fun with absurd old headlines and fantastic feature articles—you have a newspaper which was in constant touch with the general public and operated consistently in its interest. How did it get that way? We may well ask. J. P. probably did not single-handed keep us out of an inexcusable war with England in 1896, during the famous Venezuelan affair—as Mr. Barrett suggests. But he did take a firm stand against such an adventure, and he did help organize public opinion against it. Aside from that, there were literally scores of first-rate campaigns, local as well as national, which a tribune of the people sincerely concerned for principle as well as circulation could and did conduct. They make absorbing reading today.

As for old J. P. himself, he merits all the affection, and a good deal more critical attention, that Mr. Barrett has given him. This immigrant was one of the foremost Americans of his time. Dana of the *Sun,* who had long since laid aside the old generous ideals of Brook Farm, liked to report his newspaper rival's public addresses in dialect, because Pulitzer still spoke with an accent—a shabby trick. But Pulitzer understood the American way better than Dana did. J. P. made a career of free speech and honest polemic. He surrounded himself with live, earnest journalists, many of whose names were writ large during the glamorous days of Progressivism. And it was by no means an accident that he got these men. Here, for example, are some of the questions Pulitzer asked regarding a possible editor for the *World:* "What has [he] read in American history—Rhodes, McMaster, Trevelyan, Parkman? What works on the Constitution and constitutional law? Has he read Buckle's 'History of Civilization'? Where did he stand during Bryan's Free Silver campaign?"

A pretty stiff course of reading for a yellow journalist. But bring it up to date, change the political issue, and you have a formidable pen man. It was this sort of approach that made the *World* one of the outstanding papers of its time; and very much worth reading about today. Mr. Barrett carries the story past Pulitzer's death in 1911 on to the end of the *World* in 1931. Here, of course, he writes from personal knowledge. The *World* remained a good paper to the last, but after Pulitzer it was never again great.

LOUIS FILLER

In Early Issues of The Nation

"Athene Palace" by Countess Waldeck
Reviewed by Rustem Vambery

"Admiral of the Ocean Sea" by S. E. Morison
Reviewed by William McFee

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Marianne Lorraine

A WHITE, triangular face suspended in darkness, a tortured mouth, red hair curling and flaming, this was Marianne Lorraine on the stage of the Town Hall last Saturday evening. Her gestures, few but expressive, had breadth and power—arms that swung in wide circles from the shoulder, hands that lifted and exalted the phrase. Miss Lorraine's performance is unique. The word *diseuse* best describes her particular combination of recitation and song, a style nourished in the *café concert* and *boite-de-nuit* of a vanished but not forgotten Paris; to it she has given an individual slant by her interest in modern poetry and her preoccupation with the unusual in subject matter.

The Town Hall recital launched Marianne Lorraine on a new career. As Marianne Oswald she was before the war the favorite of a band of avant-garde poets, writers, musicians, artists. For her they wrote poems and songs. Her strange, raucous voice, her burning, tortured violence, her look of having been "loosed out of hell To speak of horrors," fitted the Continental mood of pre-war or inter-war disillusionment and disintegration. She gave voice and being to a very special, a very French mood, alternating her typically *grivois* pieces with laments for the under-dog, songs that pictured the misery of the poor—the anguish of the stoker at his task, the nightmares of the French taxi driver.

Her first appearances in this country were in night clubs, where she still, necessarily, sang in French. Now, with a new name derived from her birthplace, she is launching forth on a new English-speaking career. It is evident that she has worked hard and under wise guidance on the heart-breaking job of learning a new language. Her English, though of course still heavily charged with un-English accent and emphasis, is agreeable and, what is more important, understandable—especially as the evening wears on and the listener's ears become attuned to its rhythms.

Her program, in which she was accompanied on the piano by Lou Cooper, who composed several of the musical backgrounds for her pieces, and by John Serry, accordionist, consisted of poems, songs, and recitation in English and French, the English poems being by Archibald MacLeish, Carl Sandburg, Gerald Marks, García Lorca (translated by Stephen Spender), and others. Jacques Prévert and Georges Henri Clouzat were among the French poets represented; the musical credits were almost as distinguished and as far flung. For those who are afflicted with nostalgia for the Paris that is no more, Miss Lorraine's harsh, haunting voice and blue-lit mask as she sang "Les Bons Menages," "Les Soutiers," the "Song of the Hussars," and the inimitable "Quand je danse avec lui," caused the arid platform of the Town Hall to disappear and a dead scene and epoch to live again.

No one today can do a certain type of acrid, smoke-laden, sordid ditty better than Marianne Lorraine. Her songs need a smoldering earthy violence which she can express superbly. Her puckish humor as illustrated in the recital of the *New Yorker* saga of the little boy who wouldn't do anything was also diverting. In the more serious episodes making up the larger part of the program Miss Lorraine encountered the difficulty that besets all poetry readers. The grand word, the noble phrase tend to become grandiose, bombastic, and often not a little absurd when intoned from a stage. Poets have acclaimed Miss Lorraine's interpretation of their words; MacLeish, Cocteau, Rostand, Saroyan, and particularly Sandburg have sung her praises. Many have written for her; Mr. Sandburg supplied one of the less happy moments of the evening, a piece entitled "Mr. Lincoln and His Gloves." But the average listener, drilled in the school of understatement and unused to the process of poetry, recoils from the flaunted phrase.

The reading of poetry is perhaps the most difficult of "concert" arts, a lost art in this country and in this day and generation. The chief difficulty that Miss Lorraine faces in restoring the art of the *diseuse* to a serious level, somewhere in that exalted region where the memory of Yvette Guilbert trails its iridescent robes, lies in her lack of tonal and temperamental variety and in the narrowness of her appeal. She cannot express the broad humanity, the sunny laughter, the childlike gaiety and faith that Yvette could convey quite as readily as she could the wisdom, the sorrows, and the sins of a world she knew and loved. Miss Lorraine is serious to the point of harshness, sometimes to the point of humor, for she treads dangerously near and sometimes oversteps the delicate line that separates the sublime from the ridiculous. For this reason she is at her best in her less pretentious numbers.

ROSAMOND GILDER

Art Notes

ANDRE MASSON. Oils, gouaches, drawings. Buchholz and Willard Galleries. Until March 14.

Masson's failure is in the contemporary grand manner. There is little of the dull or second-rate about his work, and to fail as he does is more worthy than to succeed as any dozen safe and minor artists can. Masson is a surrealist, but he has absorbed enough cubism, in spite of himself, never to lose sight of the direction in which the pictorial art of our times must go in order to be great. His endeavor to expand painting concentrates on the means, not on the subject; color and line are to be detached and disassociated from their old habits of meaning, and made to express or suggest what is inconceivable to anything but the eye's imagination. One can glimpse through the badness of his painting how greatly Masson conceives; and so it is only by some physiological, tactile deficiency in himself that I can explain the collapse of his actual work: the raging sickness of color, the obtuseness with which he rattles together pigment, design, space—the *art nouveau*, the hard, machined insensitivity of line in his drawings, and their maladroit literary flourishes. A débâcle, in which there are at the most three acceptable pictures; but as I have said, little that is second-rate, nothing that is stereotype. Masson could cover up his faults rather plausibly and without too obvious dishonesty, and I praise him for his unwillingness to be anything but himself.

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WALTER QUIRT. Oils, drawings. The Pinacotheca. Until March 14.

Surrealism again, in which representational forms fracture off under spatial analysis into abstract design. The world on the point of dissolution. Quirt has ambition, energy, and much surface facility, but like most surrealists he takes his surface and his medium too much for granted. His work lacks painted quality; its color, keyed within a narrow range, is sapless, schematized, and impotent to affirm the space it covers and the forms it fills. In the given picture the vertical rhythms, articulated in great detail, repeat themselves too helplessly and too protractedly from one corner of the canvas to the other. Quirt's intentions, like Masson's, are in the grand style, but his failure is not.

C. G.

MUSIC

AMONG the things attractive enough to get me to stand the annoyances of the concert hall was the Dessoff Choirs' Lassus program. I could hear only the first half; and some of the music—the motet "Timor et tremor," and two of the "Lamentations of Jeremiah"—turned out to be magnificent in sound and powerful in effect; but some of it—the three motets for two voices—struck me as pretty dull. Mr. Boepple would probably contend that if I knew the two-part motets as well as he I would find them as interesting as he does; but I think the value he finds in them is the excessive value that people who saturate themselves in a composer sometimes find in even the least consequential of his products—the dullest two-part invention of a Bach, or two-part motet of a Lassus.

Irresistibly attractive also were the final two concerts of the New Friends of Music chamber music series, with Mozart's String Quartets K. 499 and 465 in the marvelous forms in living sound which they were given by the Budapest Quartet. And also the concert of the New York City Symphony with Haydn's Symphony No. 99 and Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" conducted by Beecham, but with both works, as it turned out, the less effective for the orchestra's lack of precision, which dulled the sharp contours of Berlioz's musical thought, and did comparable damage to Haydn's.

The performance of "Carmen" that Beecham conducted at the Metropolitan I heard over the air; and so all my attention was given to what interested me most—the music. For a time the experience of hearing the shabby and battered phrases given sharpness and brightness and liveness was exciting; but after an hour of the unrelenting fast pace I began—as did the music, the singers—to beg for relief, for a chance to relax, to breathe.

On this occasion I got an earful of what is broadcast from the Metropolitan during intermissions. The broadcasts I heard in Salzburg in 1937 seemed to be based on the belief that there were people outside the Festspielhaus who were as interested in the music as the people inside, that they were listening to the broadcasts for that reason, and that they wanted and should be given over the air the information about the performance that the Festspielhaus audience got from the printed program—namely the cast of performers, which was all that was broadcast. The British Broadcasting Corporation used to provide additional information about opera broadcasts in its publications; and I believe it also published cheap librettos that made it possible for the radio audience to follow every word and action. When you have given the cast and the libretto you have given everything an interested listener needs to understand and enjoy the performance; and if you believe he is interested, that is all you will give him. But that is something which the people who run American broadcasting do not believe: music doesn't genuinely interest most of them, and so they can't believe it interests anyone else. What impresses them, what they think will impress the public, and what therefore they broadcast is not music but the prestige-value of the word "music," the name "Toscanini," "New York Philharmonic-Symphony," "Metropolitan Opera." And so at least one plan for publishing and distributing librettos that I heard about (consider how easy it would be to distribute them through Texaco's outlets all over the country) was turned down; and aside from the few minutes in which the story of the next act is told by the adenoidally unctuous Milton Cross, the intermissions are filled with all the rubbish that is considered necessary to hold the radio listener's interest. The day I listened this included Mr. Cross's minute-by-minute description of the awesome scene in the Metropolitan, someone else's lengthy salute to Seattle as a music-center, Lucrezia Bori interviewing Rosa Ponselle, and a quiz, in the course of which Mr. Richard Simon of Simon and Schuster, answering the question what opera one should hear at one's first visit to the Metropolitan, thought it should be an opera that had schmaltz (which Mr. Robert Lawrence later changed to "melody" under cover of a "seriously"), and specifically suggested "Pagliacci."

At Toscanini's broadcasts with the N. B. C. Symphony for the Treasury Department's defense bond campaign Deems Taylor, of all people, has been the commentator, and as such has made highly complimentary references to Toscanini. I say "of all people" because a few years ago, when Columbia Broadcasting System was trying as hard as the New York Philharmonic to make Barbirolli look big, Mr. Taylor, who had once built up Damrosch by crediting him with scorn for Muck's over-subtlety, contributed another black-is-white-white-is-black build-up of Barbirolli that knifed Toscanini: "The extraordinary thing about Mr. Barbirolli's tenure of office so far is that people have begun to realize that the Philharmonic is a great orchestra. They don't talk so much about the conductor; and I think that's the greatest tribute you can pay the conductor of any orchestra. . . . They don't talk about him getting down on his knees and begging the orchestra to sing. You know he's just a conductor. He has a group of musicians that in their line are as great musicians as Kreisler is in his line, and he asks of them to make music—and, by God, they make it!" Saying this one year, saying complimentary things about Toscanini another year—it's all in the day's work for Mr. Taylor. But I would expect some other people to recognize that one man who should not be the commentator for Toscanini's broadcasts is Deems Taylor. (N. B. C., incidentally, still doesn't seem to be able to keep those Toscanini performances from getting mixed up with a jazz band on an adjacent wavelength.)

Victor's February records have been delayed; but there is a last January release to comment on: the set (854, $3.50) of three pieces from Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy. The writing is unusually expansive for Hindemith, with a stunning climax in the second piece; but the essential Hindemith feeling remains to make this work as unattractive to me as the others. Performance and recording are excellent, with a noisily defective surface on the third side of my copy.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Hitler's Volunteers: Few from Scandinavia

Dear Sirs: Hans Christian Andersen's story of the pinfeather moulted by a hen which barnyard gossip turned into five hens self-slain for love is well matched by Joachim Joesten's story of Hitler's Volunteers in your issue of February 14.

The Nazi "agreement" with the Danish government that a Danish Free Corps could be formed took most of the -government by surprise. It was made by Mr. Scavenius, who specializes in such arrangements. The number of volunteers was not published, the Danish Nazi paper declaring that this was against "military secrecy." Meanwhile the Danes openly said the volunteers were so few that the local members of the Danish Nazi Party had to join them so as to make their ranks visible when they were departing—the said members getting quietly off the train a few stations farther on. Finally, as Mr. Joesten says, the Danish Nazi paper claimed that 3,000 had volunteered.

An American lady who returned from Denmark not so long ago tells that while she was in a Copenhagen trolley car she herself heard a well-known Dane questioned as to how many volunteers he thought the Free Corps Denmark would obtain. "I don't know," he said loudly and clearly, "but I hope it will be about 3,000; then we'd get rid of our whole Nazi Party at one swoop."

It is certain that no such luck attended the appeal to enlist, or we should have seen pictures of the result. The majority of the 3,000 or so Danish Nazis belong to the German minority in Schleswig, but even so they much prefer what is left of Danish butter to Russian guns.

One wonders what possesses Mr. Joesten to bother quoting the Nazi paper's figures, as if he believed them. Can it be that he is again emulating Andersen, who wrote a long fairy tale called "Soup on a Sausage-Skewer" just to prove that he needed a minimum of material?

The Scandinavian countries have about as much Nazi meat on them as there's sausage adhering to a skewer; Mr. Joesten should really stop trying to brew any sensational soup out of that.

SIGNE TOKSVIG

Newtown, Conn., February 23

Dear Sirs: Joachim Joesten's article on Hitler's Shanghaied Volunteers was regrettably inaccurate both in detail and in perspective as far as my country, Norway, is concerned. Indeed, it is a travesty of the facts to talk about "Norway's tragic cleavage . . . reflected in the formation of the Nordland Regiment," in connection with the outbreak of the Nazi-Soviet war. I lived through that period in Norwegian history on the spot, before I was ordered abroad to take up the position assigned to me by the Norwegian authorities.

On the day of the German attack on the Soviet Union, June 22, 1941, I was present at a press conference in Oslo convened by the Reichskommissariat and addressed by Hauptmann Ehmer, who demanded 100 per cent active cooperation and complete solidarity from the Norwegian press in the German-ordained "crusade against bolshevism." The newspapers had to print the call for recruits to the so-called Norwegian Legion. Thousands of applications poured in. But the same names appeared again and again, and we ascertained that they were the names of well-known Nazis all over the country, sent in by patriotic Norwegians. Mass-meetings were called by the Nazis, but I saw myself how the one they arranged for July 4 in the University Square of Oslo was deserted, whereas a competing meeting convened by means of a whispering campaign among the loyal Norwegians and held around the Abraham Lincoln statue in an Oslo public park was successful.

The figure of 350 given by Mr. Joesten is in itself evidence of the lack of success in recruiting the Norwegian Legion. The officers who were ordered to join refused. Those whose names he gives either do not exist or are anything but "outstanding." The general to whom he refers was made "general" of the Labor Service of Norway by the Nazis. He had no such army title in Norway. Some of the officers on the list established by the Nazis only learned of their enrolment when the list was published.

Yet Mr. Joesten says that a "by no means negligible fraction has accepted service with the enemy." Not even the Nazis have dared assert any such thing. Quite to the contrary, the situation has again clearly shown that the Norwegian people remain united in a desperate struggle against overwhelming odds.

HANS KRISTIAN SKOU

New York, February 24

Dear Sirs: His article on "Hitler's Shanghaied Volunteers" is another episode in the systematic campaign Mr. Joesten is conducting to devaluate democracy in Europe and particularly to paint the Scandinavian peoples with a thick Nazi brown. Having returned from Sweden only a few months ago, I can testify that if any correction is needed of American public opinion it is rather in the opposite direction. The important general fact is that the Nazis have scored very little success in the Scandinavian democracies. Specifically, the report by Mr. Joesten on Swedish participation in Germany's war is contrary to facts: there never was any "Swedish section of . . . a German military unit," much less any "Swedish regiment."

The story of Swedish volunteers in the war against Russia may rather be told as a proof of the defeat of Nazi propaganda. Whereas in the short Russo-Finnish War of 1939 about 8,200 Swedish volunteers were serving in the Finnish army when peace was signed, not more than 1,000 have gone to Finland in the present war, when Finland has Germany as an ally. Of these only 275 remain. Whereas the volunteers in the previous war were equipped at Swedish expense, those serving in the present war went individually and were equipped in Finland, contrary to Mr. Joesten's assertion.

There was also an attempt to enrol Swedish volunteers in the German army, but it failed completely. It did become a "public scandal," but not for the Swedes. The very evening it was exposed to the public I had dinner with the journalist who made the scoop, and not even he could say that a single man had left the country to join the Germans. As to the government's policy, it was made clear that no applications had been or would be granted to Swedish men of military age to serve in a foreign army other than the Finnish.

The popular reaction to the German appeal is also unambiguous: the applications filed totaled twenty-three. Mr.

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Joesten, however, moves among big figures and high ranks. He makes the captain helping in the attempted recruiting "a high-ranking officer of the Swedish General Staff." He does not and never did belong there. He is a landowner with a reserve commission.

The sequence of the story should not go untold. Some of the Swedish volunteers in the Finnish army, after reaching Finland, were offered higher pay as an inducement to shift to the German army. However, as the Stockholm correspondent of the New York *Times* cabled on August 31, only ten men decided to make the change. Of these, two quickly returned home when told that they would be sent to fight in the Ukraine instead of in Finland. What became of the other eight is not clear. But to talk of a "Swedish section of the famous 'Viking Division,'" fighting in the Ukraine is evidently off the mark.

Mr. Joesten has probably not realized it, but sowing mistrust between conquered and unconquered, belligerent and non-belligerent democracies is right now one of the major objectives of Axis propaganda. One democracy has a perfect right to criticize another in a factual way. But exaggerated, misleading, or incorrect statements can serve no good purpose. We are in need of more unity—not less. ALVA MYRDAL

Princeton, February 25

Mr. Joesten Suspects

Dear Sirs: Whenever I write an article even vaguely referring to some Scandinavian country, letters like those above invariably descend on the unhappy editor. I am beginning to suspect an organizing and directing hand behind the scenes. The Scandinavians seem to hold the view that nobody but they themselves or writers specifically approved by them should write about their countries and politics.

I cannot make head or tail of Miss Toksvig's elaborate fairy-tale letter. Whether there are 3,000 or 300 or only 30 Danish volunteers in the field is quite irrelevant. I cited the one available figure, gave the source, and duly characterized it. The important point is that there is a Danish Free Corps, that it has been officially approved by the Copenhagen government, and that it is commanded by ranking officers of the Danish army, whom I have named.

Mr. Skou's letter is a typical product of the over-sensitiveness which many Norwegians have developed as a result of the world-wide publicity given to the fifth-column work in Norway. I should call it the Quisling complex. Because a few writers did overemphasize the number of the Norwegian traitors and the role they played on April 9, 1940, these people would have us believe that Quisling is a solitary phenomenon, quite by himself. Let Mr. Skou look up the (loyal Norwegian) *Nordisk Tidende* of July 24 and August 7, 1941, and he will find the names and ranks of all the "non-existent" Quisling officers whom I mentioned in my article.

What Mrs. Myrdal has to say about the amount of Swedish aid to Finland is exactly what the Stockholm government and its propaganda agencies in this country care to acknowledge for the time being. I claim the right of any independent journalist to question official facts and figures given out for political reasons. As regards Captain Schmiterlöw, Mrs. Myrdal might learn from the government organ *Socialdemokraten* of September 18, 1941, that at that time—long after his scandalous activities as a Nazi agent had been exposed—the man was still "deputy chief of an important section of Stockholm's air defenses." Would she call that a "reserve commission"?

The way to beat Hitler is not by glossing over his successes.

JOACHIM JOESTEN

New York, February 26

Master-Blood

Dear Sirs: The Red Cross at first refused donations to the blood bank from Negroes, but after pressure from organizations and individuals representing one-tenth of our population, it consented to admit Negro donations on a strictly segregated basis. Admitting that there is no distinction in the actual composition of the serum, the Red Cross, nevertheless, panders to the popular prejudices that result from our careless use of the phrases "Negro blood" and "white blood." We gladly accept serum from the blood of horses to prevent and cure diphtheria, but are afraid we might "catch" miscegenation if a bleeding white soldier should be saved by a transfusion that contained some plasma donated by his black fellow-soldier's sister back home. And so the great American Red Cross prostitutes its character in order to appease the most ignorant and bigoted of our citizens. And we follow Hitler in his shoddy, false, and perilous pronouncements of a master-race.

What will our 450,000,000 Chinese allies think, and the Filipinos, who die on our battlefield?

RUTH ATLAS BINSTOCK

Chicago, February 23

Thank Pétain for Manila

Dear Sirs: May I congratulate you for what you have done to open the eyes of your readers to the extraordinary treatment of "Free France" by Washington?

Free Frenchmen have been on active service in many parts of the world. They have the most to lose should Hitler and his Quislings win the war. Why, then, treat the men who are upholding the honor of France like insignificant adventurers? The Vichy ambassador seems to be omnipotent at the State Department. Why? By opening Indo-China to Japan Vichy paved the way for its aggression. In the long run we have Pétain to thank for Pearl Harbor and Manila.

Why was Colonel Morand, Vichy's notorious Gestapo chief, allowed to pass through the United States on his way to Martinique to carry on a "purge" of Free Frenchmen? In Martinique and Guadeloupe, as a result of Washington's policy, the regimes are 100 per cent totalitarian, backed by the naval force of Darlan's naval thugs. Nearly half a million people are not only commercially ruined but terrorized by the Gestapo. Is that what we are fighting for? I can back these statements from personal experience, having left Guadeloupe in 1940. A. W. DOWDING

Hollywood, Cal., February 16

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER is traveling up and down the country on a lecture tour while his latest volume, "Dawn of Victory," is being widely discussed in the press.

MILTON S. MAYER has contributed articles to *Harper's*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other periodicals.

ROBERT PENN WARREN will soon publish "Bearded Oaks and Other Poems on the Same Theme."

CLEMENT GREENBERG is an editor of the *Partisan Review*.

IRWIN EDMAN, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, has recently published in collaboration with Herbert W. Schneider an anthology of democratic literature entitled "Fountainheads of Freedom."

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